# The Arizona Limited

OR

## Across the Continent Afoot



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Class E168

Book .H28



THE PEDESTRIAN STARTING.

# The Arizona Limited

or

## Across the Continent Afoot

*BY*

MICHAEL G. HARMAN

SOUTHERN PUBLISHING COMPANY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
1909

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1909

To Those Friends En Route Who Materially Assisted Him
In the Successful Accomplishment of His Long and
Arduous Undertaking, and to Whom He Will
Ever Feel Indebted for Their Many
Kindnesses, the Author Dedi-
cates This Story of
His Travels.

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## INTRODUCTORY OUTLINE.

San Francisco, Cal., February 4, 1904.

My Dear Bill:

*Here I am in San Francisco. Surprised, old boy? Yes, I sailed through the Golden Gate three days before Christmas on an old lumber tub from Seattle. What have I been doing since my arrival in the metropolis of the Golden West? Just hearken, Bill, to some few of the things:*

*I have learned to drink steam beer—a most wonderful accomplishment; have tripped the light fantastic in the Italian dance halls; have taken in the Cliff House; wined at Sanguinetti's, and dined at the Poodle Dog. Of course I've attended a prize fight; done Chinatown, and, as usual, the ponies have done me.*

*Bill, I'm going to cut it all and come back to Nature. I have decided to take a little walk across the continent from San Francisco to New York City, starting with a single three-cent piece in my pocket.*

*Why am I taking a tramp of nearly four thousand miles, courting all kinds of dangers and undergoing countless hardships? William Shakespeare several centuries ago said:*

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

*The times and conditions have changed somewhat since Shakespeare's age. Some latter-day genius has aptly substituted, "All the world's a graft and all the men and women merely grafters." My definition of a grafter is one who receives a pecuniary benefit or its equivalent, without giving in return therefor honest labor.*

*I am going to treat myself to a practical course in this game of graft. It wouldn't surprise me if Carnegie, after he wearies of building monuments to himself and giving hero medals, should endow institutions of learning with chairs on graft. Don't be astonished if "Snowball" should come into the library some day and hand you a card reading about like this:*

Michael Garber Harman, L.L.D.
(Long-legged Devil)
Professor of Graft, University of Spondulix.

*I will walk almost due south, following the coastwise Southern Pacific route, 475 miles to Los Angeles. From that point the Mojave and the Great American deserts will be crossed to Albuquerque, New Mexico, a distance of 900 miles, following the old Sante Fe trail, which is paralleled by the Sante Fe railroad.*



EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

**Mayor's Office**

City and County of San Francisco

E. E. SCHMITZ, Mayor

City, Jan. 25, 1904.

Hon. George B. Mc Clellan,

Mayor of the City of New York.

Dear Sir:-

Permit me to introduce to your favorable acquaintance the bearer, Mr. Michael Garber Harman, a former Virginian, who is about to undertake a journey from San Francisco to New York City for the purpose of making personal observations of labor conditions en route.

Any courtesies you may extend him will be greatly appreciated by,

Yours very truly,

E. E. Schmitz
Mayor.

FAC-SIMILE.

*I expect to traverse the trail to Kansas City, Missouri, which is 1,000 miles east of Albuquerque; 300 miles further, across Missouri, will land me into the World's Fair city. After a rest of a few weeks in St. Louis the journey will be resumed to New York, via Indianapolis, Columbus, Pittsburg, and across the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey to Jersey City.*

*I was very fortunate in obtaining a letter from the Labor Mayor of San Francisco, E. E. Schmitz, to Mayor George B. McClellan of New York, which reads as follows:* [*See fac simile opposite p.*]

San Francisco, Cal., January 25, 1904.

Hon. Geo. B. McClellan,
*Mayor of the City of New York.*

Dear Sir:—Permit me to introduce to your favorable acquaintance the bearer, Mr. Michael Garber Harman, a former Virginian, who is about to undertake a journey from San Francisco to New York City for the purpose of making personal observations of labor conditions en route.

Any courtesies you may extend him will be greatly appreciated by,

Yours very truly,
E. E. Schmitz, *Mayor.*

*I have also a souvenir card, which I designed, showing the route on one side, and on the other, the traveller in walking costume.*

*Bill, think of the adventures awaiting me, the excitement attending the constant change of scene, the queer characters and interesting people with whom I shall*

*come in contact. And lastly, how much of God's country one will be enabled to see and study. Is the picture sufficiently alluring to make you wish to accompany me? No, nothing would tempt you to leave the Queen Bee and the little Bills down in the old Shenandoah Valley.*

*Wish me luck, old boy, and look forward to the time when you and I once more will wander down to the spring, and talk about it all over an old Virginia mint julep.*

## CHAPTER I.

### OFF FOR NEW YORK.

Ill With La Grippe at Palo Alto—San José—Twenty Mile Tramp in the Rain—A Visit to the Old Spanish Mission at San Juan—Sore Muscles and Ligaments—The Adventure at the Lehr Ranch—A Rousing Reception Accorded the Walker—The Gruelling Walk Into King City.

Monday morning, February 8th, at ten o'clock, I started the walk to New York City. The procession formed at the corner of Market, Geary and Kearney streets, the most prominent corner in San Francisco, where quite a crowd had collected.

I had engaged a fife and drum corps of four pieces to head the procession. Next came a jackass carrying a sign advertising a horse and mule sale, for which I received the sum of seven dollars—nearly enough to pay the musicians. The walker brought up the rear in tourist regalia. I had selected for the trip a Khaki suit and hat and a pair of buckskin shoes.

Arriving at Valencia street, after a march of a mile and a half up Market, to the strains of "Are there any more at home like you," the drum corps and donkey were dismissed. I made a speech to the crowd collected on the corner, briefly stating the object of my journey, with the result that fifteen of the cards were sold for ten cents each.

It was raining nearly all day, and I was exceedingly glad when the Commercial hotel at Baden was reached, where the proprietor entertained me for the night.

On the morning of the 9th, I awoke with pains in my back and head. My temperature was up also. I had contracted a cold by doffing my heavier clothing. Palo Alto was twenty-two miles distant, but I was determined to make it, for my college fraternity, Phi Gamma Delta, have a chapter at Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

The day's walk led me through a beautiful country, but my physical condition was such that I could not appreciate it. I was heartily received at the chapter house, and, as my fever was high, I was put to bed and a doctor summoned, who pronounced my malady la grippe. Saturday morning the journey was resumed, and I hit the pike for seventeen miles to San José. The walk was thoroughly enjoyed, as it was a lovely day, and led through that most beautiful of valleys, the Santa Clara, which is deemed one of the most fertile spots in the whole world.

On my arrival at San José, I repaired to the Vendome hotel, one of the swellest in central California. "Strike high if you lose your hatchet," and T. T. N. Y. O. B. (through to New York or bust) were my mottoes. The manager agreed to entertain me until Monday in exchange for one of my souvenirs. Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton was visited Sunday; Monday morning I sold a few cards, and in the afternoon resumed the journey.

Soon after leaving San José it began to mist, in the phraseology of the "Native Son". We have another name for it east of the Rockies. The last four miles were traversed in inky blackness, and I was drenched, but strange to relate, no bad effects resulted. The next day Gilroy was made, and the local editor published the following:

"Michael Garber Harman, King of Tramps, put up at the Central Hotel on Tuesday. He left San Francisco February 8th, with a three-cent piece and no bank checkbook. He has been feasted and lodged at the best hotels *en route.* Harman is a tall young Virginian, about twenty-nine years of age, tough and lean, and full of ambition to reach his destination in New York."

Wednesday morning, the 17th, I left Gilroy for Salinas, a distance of thirty-seven miles by rail. The route selected by me was shorter by several miles, led by the picturesque old town of San Juan; while there a visit was paid to the old Spanish Mission.

Seven years before the Declaration of Independence Junipero Serra, a godly and pious monk of the Order of Saint Francis, entered San Diego and established the first of the twenty-one missions which extend along the coast as far north as San Francisco. It was at the instance of the King of Spain that these Missions were started, for he wished to encourage emigration to that part of his domain. In the building of the missions most of the labor was performed by the Indians under the directions of the Fathers. The tribes of the Pacific

Coast were peaceably inclined. For more than half a century these missions flourished, and they became enormously wealthy. The end of it all was the secularization of the mission properties by Santa Anna. Over half of them are now in ruins. I quote a passage from a book entitled, "Over the Santa Fe Trail":

"Reluctantly will the visitor tear himself from the encompassing charm of the roofless arches and reminiscent shadows. They are a dream of the Old World, indifferent to the sordidness and turbulence of the New; one of the few things that have been spared by the relentless past, whose habit is to sweep the things of yesterday into oblivion. One can almost hear the echoes of their sweet bells ringing out to heathen thousands the sunset and the dawn."

A young lady conducted me through the Mission and pointed out objects of interest. Among other things was a great stone fountain, hewn from solid rock, and from which over seven thousand Indians had been baptized. In the church, fifteen feet from the floor and jutting from the side, is the pulpit from which the first Father preached the Gospel to the Indians in fourteen dialects.

There is also a queer-looking affair which resembles in outward appearance a modern street organ. When the crank is turned it emits a funny, tinkling sound. It was used in the early days to call the Indians to work and to worship.

In the afternoon I faced toward Salinas, which lay twenty miles distant from San Juan and over a moun-

tain. The going was rough, owing to the recent rains, and as my muscles were very sore, walking was painful. I arrived in the night, dragging my left leg which was as stiff as a poker.

The journey Thursday morning was started in peg-leg fashion, as it was impossible for me to bend the leg at the knee-joint.

Just out of Salinas I overtook two young fellows hoboing it to Los Angeles. One of the boys hailed from Selma, Alabama, and was of a good family. At Cholas I grafted a dinner at the hotel. On coming out I found my companions were vegetarians—one was eating a raw turnip and the other a carrot. However an opportunity offered at the table, and I filled my pockets for them.

On the 18th I left Gonzales, expecting to spend the night at the Lehr ranch, twenty miles distant. On reaching the ranch, much to my chagrin, no one was at home but the Chinese cook, who was shelling beans.

"Is Mr. Lehr at home?" I asked.

"Nuh," was the laconic reply.

"Where is he, and when will he return?"

"King City—yesterday-to-day-to-morrow—dunno."

For imperturbability the palm goes to the Chinks. After several vain attempts to obtain further information from my pig-tailed friend, I turned to continue the journey when a farm laborer was espied coming out of the house. I presented my card; told him who I was and what I was doing. He looked at the heroic

hieroglyphics on the card and then looked me over from head to foot. Then he deliberately turned his back, locked the door and started across the prairie. He evidently took me for a dangerous character or a green goods man. During the whole proceeding he didn't venture a remark.

Was up against it good and strong for the first time.

King City was fourteen miles distant: it was four fifteen P. M., and I was so hungry, tired and sore that I could hardly stand.

On the road I met Mr. Lehr driving home. He deeply regretted my reception at his place and wanted me to return and spend the night, but I told him I'd push on to the town. Ascertained that the only house between that point and King City was that of a Mr. Talbot, a West Virginian.

A rousing reception was accorded me—eleven dogs—that's all. I think every breed was represented in the bunch.

With knapsack and mackintosh they were kept at bay until Mr. Talbot arrived on the scene of action.

"Mr. Talbot," said I, at the same time presenting him with one of my cards, "I'm on a walk across the continent."

"You are in a bad business," he replied.

Didn't sound very encouraging, but I came again good and strong.

"Mr. Talbot, whether this is a foolish undertaking is a question. To me, just now, its merits are of second-

ary importance. Have another which is of absorbing interest, viz: supper. I'm sadly in need of an hour's rest and of some supper to enable me to cover the remaining nine miles. Can I get it?"

"You can," he replied.

We sat down to one of those old Virginia meals—beefsteak, hot biscuits, good old apple butter and coffee. Metaphorically speaking, I waltzed up one side of the table and down the other. How I did enjoy that meal! My hunger appeased, I jollied the whole family a bit. Turning to a blushing country maiden, in a supremely confident manner, I remarked:

"I know what you do for a livelihood."

"What?" she answered, in a surprised tone.

"You are the school-marm."

I had hit the nail squarely on the head. The girl blushed; laughed. In her confusion she managed to say:

"How did you know?"

"Having traveled quite extensively," said I, "in the past nine years, and having made a study of human nature, all that is now necessary for me to tell one's vocation is to see the expression of the eye."

Mr. Lehr had told me she was a teacher. That settled it; the whole family looked upon me as a magician. Talbot invited me to spend the night, and I believe I could have remained a week, had I so desired.

The walk to King City will never be forgotten. The night was very dark, and I staggered over the road at

two miles per hour. Was several times on the verge of a hysterical breakdown—the result of the excruciating pain from my turning ankles on the rough roadway. I felt if the Vendome hotel had been one hundred yards further, I couldn't have walked it.

A former Kentuckian, the proprietor, cordially received me. He gave me a drink, of which I was sadly in need.

Ten minutes later I was on the feathers.

San Francisco, 183 miles—New York, 3,527 miles.

## CHAPTER II.

### PASO ROBLES.

A Klondike Millionaire Marvels—A Hotel Proprietor Wins With His Socks On—San Luis Obispo—Through the San Marcus Ranch—A Sudden and Unwelcome Bath—Meet Two Ladies From the Bailiwick of the Sacred Codfish—Santa Barbara.

Sunday I made San Miguel, one of the original Spanish settlements, which contains one of the Missions.

The following day pushed on to the famous health resort, the Hotel El Paso de Robles, where a cordial reception awaited me; the manager personally showed me to a room, and seemed to exert himself to make my stay pleasant. Maybe I wasn't luxuriating; eating, sleeping, resting, bathing and spinning yarns with the other sick millionaires.

All the wealthy, you know, don't lead the simple life a la Teddy. A large percentage of the guests were there to be cured of gout, rheumatism or some nervous disease, originated or aggravated by high living. Hot mud or sulphur baths are given.

When taking my hot sulphur bath the massage artist and myself fell to discussing the walk; among other things I told him of the trouble I was having with my feet and legs. He gave me a massage of an hour; an alcohol massage and cocoanut oil rub. I entered the bath-house feeling like one of those old skates at Ingleside, and came out a Derby winner.

A Klondyke millionaire was astonished.

"Do you mean to assert that the massager gave you all that for nothing?"

"No," answered I, "for he was presented with a picture card."

"What do you think of that?" he ejaculated.

"Young man, when you told me of this journey of yours, I doubted your ability to make it, but I do so no longer. Even the idle rich can't afford all that in one day."

February 23rd I passed up the good thing at Paso Robles.

Upon my arrival at Santa Margareta, I found that the proprietor had retired at seven P. M. There is very little doing on Broadway after sundown. I dug him up and he finally made his appearance in a pair of six-cent socks. He wore also a spinach on his chin. A good stiff talk was n. g. I was compelled to go down into my pocket for the first time since leaving Frisco and pay for lodging and breakfast. The old fellow's argument was unanswerable:

"You see, partner, in the first place, you are a —— fool to take any such walk as that, and in the second place, I'd be a —— fool not to get fifty cents out of you since you happened by here. You can't do me any good advertising, for no one ever comes by Santa Margareta unless compelled to, and I keep the only hotel in town."

The next day I reached San Louis Obispo and stopped at the Ramona Hotel. During the afternoon I took a

ramble around the city. It's an attractive city of eight thousand population, and is apparently full of business.

Four hard days' walking through the Arroyo Grande valley landed me at the Donahue ranch, two miles south of Santa Ynez.

The 29th I left Santa Maria to visit the new oil fields. Soon after starting it commenced to rain.

It is not often that it rains in California, but when it does, there is no time for anything else. It starts with a gentle drizzle, increasing gradually until it pours in torrents.

The wells are located on hills and are rendered almost inaccessible by rain, as the soil is of red clay. I accomplished what I set out to do, but it was a very wet and tired traveller that reached the next village and lodged in a miserable shack, kept by a Syrian. Monday I was on the road for a tramp of forty miles into Santa Barbara, through the San Marcus ranch and over the Santa Ynez mountains. Had my first adventure twenty minutes after leaving Donahue's. Came to a swift mountain stream seventy feet wide and two deep, approximately. I pondered for some moments as to the best way to get across without wading the ice-cold water. Below the fording the stream branched into four forks, and by the aid of sticks and rocks, three of the four were crossed successfully, but, alas! met my Waterloo on the fourth. The trunk of a tree, on which I was crossing, turned, and down splash! I went flat on my back. Everything went under but my head. To add

insult to injury, when pulling up the bank by some shrubbery, it broke, and down I went again—head and all this time.

The first eighteen miles led me through the San Marcus ranch of sixty thousand acres, which teems with cattle as wild as deer. Among my earliest recollections are the soft, limpid eyes of the domestic cow. There was nothing soft, or limpid either, about the eyes of those range cattle. While passing a herd of several hundred, the bull espied me and immediately got busy. He came slowly towards me, with head lowered, and now and then pausing to toss dirt over his back. His wives and children followed in his wake. Your Uncle Nat had his eye peeled for just such a contingency, and chased over to a tree. Mr. Bull kept coming and your uncle kept climbing.

Sitting in the forks, I thanked the Lord for having a tree so conveniently situated. Picture my anxiety when the cows surrounded the tree and I became the cynosure of two hundred pairs of eyes as cold, expressionless and merciless as glittering steel.

No water, no food, and the likelihood of no one passing for a week. The question is, thought I, which can go the longest without water—the cows or myself. The cows had it on me slightly, for they could eat and I couldn't. Mr. Bull, I presume, wanted to show off before his wives and youngsters, for he valiantly strutted back and forth, bellowing, with his tail curled, as much as to say:

"Am I not a peach? Don't ever make eyes at that big spotted bull with the other herd after this. Didn't I make that long, slim skate take to the tall timber? Huh! just let me get at him."

For an hour I tried to conjure up some scheme to stampede them. Tried hallooing, but the cows seemed to like my voice, for they only drew the closer. Ah! an idea.

I held my knapsack in one hand and mackintosh in the other, and when the valiant Mr. Bull was directly under me, both were dropped simultaneously. The former landed on his back and the latter over his neck.

The stampede was instantaneous and complete. Wow! down through the meadow went the herd, the valiant defender leading, then the cows, and the poor little calves bringing up the rear.

Old cattlemen in Santa Barbara told me I was exceedingly lucky in getting through alive, as the range cattle are very much afraid of a man on horseback, but not at all so of one on foot.

The entire walk through the San Marcus ranch of twenty miles was accomplished without meeting a soul. I didn't get at all lonesome, though, as the scenery was beautiful and the woods alive with animals and birds.

A pack of six coyotes crossed the road seventy-five yards ahead of me, and a number of times were seen loping about at no great distance. Early in the afternoon the ranch house was reached. No one was at home but the old Spanish cook, who was unable to talk

in English, and as "savvy" was the limit of my Spanish vocabulary, you can imagine the brilliancy of the conversation. However, she understood my signs and prepared me a dinner of pork, prunes, flatcake and tea.

Later in the afternoon I met two ladies from "classic Boston," who had driven out from Santa Barbara. They evinced a good deal of interest in my tour, but were greatly mystified by my slang expressions, which I used profusely, for fun, of course. In describing my arrival into King City, it was expressed like this: "My off-side pony was stiff, and my nigh one sore and done to a frazzle, but when your Uncle Dudley hit up the straw, it was all off with the big tramp."

The walk down the mountain proved a lovely journey. The excellent road winds 'round and 'round the mountain. Away off to the left can be seen the city of Santa Barbara, situated on the bay twelve miles distant, and stretching beneath you for miles and miles are orange and lemon groves and other luxurious vegetation.

When I stumbled rather than walked into the Potter hotel, after having traversed forty miles, exhausted and hungry, you can imagine the sensation created among the brilliant assemblage in evening dress.

San Francisco, 370 miles—3,340 miles New York.

## CHAPTER III.

### GUEST OF THE CAMARILLAS.

A Visit to a Drunkard's Ranch—A Meeting With Two Kindred Spirits—Los Angeles—In Sore Straits—My Friend Attends a Bargain Sale—The Journey Resumed—Pasadena—"Old Scissors"—The Lucky Baldwin Ranch.

Wednesday morning found me on the road to Ventura, twenty-nine miles distant. I was loth to leave Santa Barbara, and am firmly resolved some day to return to this land of orange and lemon groves—this city of sunshine, flowers and perpetual summer.

The roadway led me along the bay, and what with the exquisite scenery and the many driving, riding and motoring parties, there was something worth seeing happening every minute. Sampled the oranges several times. Are they good?

Go out to California and pull one of these big, sweet, juicy fellows off the tree, back up against the trunk and eat it. I bet the next thing you'll do will be to pull another and still another, until a peck, more or less, is consumed.

Arrived in Ventura late in the afternoon, where I was nicely received by the hotel proprietor.

March 3rd the walk was to Camarillas. I was in imminent danger of lodging in the fence corner and boarding at the creek. The city boasts of three houses, and not one of them would entertain me. However, I learned that several miles further on lived a wealthy

Castilian; and knowing it to be the last opportunity in eight miles where a night's lodging could be procured, I gave him a talk right from the heart. He tumbled. Both he and his wife were the personification of cordiality. He possesses five thousand acres, and plants it all in lima beans. Ventura county raises more beans than any country in the world.

On March fourth had a long walk of thirty-seven miles to Calabasas. Stopped at noon at a drunkard's ranch. Both he and his wife are brandy-drinkers. They have three children, a boy and two girls, who are daily witnesses to their fearful debaucheries. No one was found at the home but a deformed dwarf, the cook and general utility man. The old fellow told me the story. For weeks at a time neither father nor mother draw a sober breath. When drunk they have an insane desire to separate their belongings. Consequently the daily fights.

The children for the past two years had not attended school, but have lived in the filth and squalor of the most wretched home I had ever seen. They are quite wealthy, and, judging from their pictures, evidently came from a good English family.

I made Calabasas in time for supper. A few minutes after my arrival two men walked into the hotel. They were going to San Francisco, and from thence to the far East as war correspondents.

Reached Los Angeles at six o'clock, and the "Examiner" headed its article the next morning, "Walked thirty miles in time for dinner."

You doubtless remember that passage in Mark Antony's oration over the dead body of Caesar: "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen," et cetera. My fall to the ten-cent eating dumps from such famous hostelries as the Vendome, El Paso de Robles and The Angeles, was co-equal with Caesar's.

Don't think for a moment that we dined regularly, even at these cheap joints. Sometimes it was once, again twice, and, if it was three times, we esteemed ourselves the "Darlings of the Gods."

A Chicago newspaper man is the other person of "we." He lost his money playing the ponies, and I had only two-forty when I hit the town, so we pooled our interests during my stay in the city. Occasionally around the hotel lobbies a picture card was sold to an Eastern "sucker." Sometimes I thought the aforesaid suckers knew that I was in need of a meal, although nothing but big money was ever talked.

My eighty-cent Ingersoll repeater was up with one of the "most popular restauranturs" for five ten-cent meals, but as it wouldn't run, he called in his ticket. Once, after we had gone twenty-four hours without our daily ten-center, Chicago and myself decided something just had to be "did." Chicago was delegated a committee of one to make a "touch" in Pasadena, where he had a friend stopping. Late in the afternoon in he came, staggering under a load of parcels. "Goodness!" thought I, "he has gone temporarily deranged and bought out a whole grocery store."

This is what he unwrapped:

Six pairs of ladies' fancy hosiery,
Eight lace collarettes,
Four large magnifying glasses,
Nine quires of blue writing paper.

Chicago had attended a bargain sale, and was "as tickled as the mother of a baby with a new tooth."

I stood it all until he produced from the last package four of the largest, longest and ugliest paper snakes I ever saw. The trash represented one hundred meals—yes, it was too much; I lifted up my face and wept.

Los Angeles is a very remarkable city. From a population of 11,000 in 1880 it has become the second city west of the Rockies, with a population of 180,000 souls. And what a cosmopolitan place it is—people from every section of the globe are numbered among its population. The parks and avenues are wonderful, both abounding in semi-tropical vegetation and shaded by the eucalyptus and the pepper.

After a four-weeks' stay in Los Angeles, the trip was resumed on April second. A local paper published something about my projected tour across the Great American Desert with a three-cent piece, which drew quite a crowd to the City Hall to see me start; or, as one man expressed it, "to see the man who was that big a fool." My top-knot was bedecked with a Mexican straw sombrero, elaborately trimmed with silver braid. It was very becoming to my style of beauty.

Walked down Orange avenue in Pasadena, considered by many the most beautiful in the world. How alluring and seductive is this Southern California ! When

I find that heiress I have been searching for lo, these many years, she will be allowed (don't you think it exceedingly magnanimous in me?) to select our future residence from one of three places, viz.: Santa Barbara, Los Angeles or Pasadena. Each is so altogether charming and attractive that it would be impossible for me to decide which is the most so.

Walked through the Lucky Baldwin ranch, the home of some of America's greatest thoroughbreds. Baldwin has divided a portion of it into lots, and is building the town of Arcadia; it is appropriately named, certainly.

Late in the afternoon met quite a character in the person of one Frederick Cassion, occupation, scissors-grinder, formerly of New Orleans; he was a Louisiana Tiger in the Civil War.

"Yes, sir; so you are from the South, sir?" he rattled on in his thin, piping voice. "From Virginia, you say, sir? Nice place, sir, is Virginia, sir. Near Winchester, sir?"

"I live further up the Shenandoah Valley, at Lexington," answered I.

"Know where it is very well, sir; the place where Lee and Jackson are buried, sir—Virginia is a nice place to be buried in, sir."

"And a good place to live, too," I added.

"Why do you wear glasses, sir," inquired the old man, "are you near-sighted, sir?"

"My trouble," said I, "is astigmatism—that is, my eyes do not focus without a strain. These lenses are ground especially for them and correct this natural defect."

"Ah, sir, I see, sir, you are well graduated, sir, for one coming from Virginia, sir."

Dig number two for the Old Dominion.

"Scissors" and myself walked for a couple of hours together. He said he spent his winters in California and the summers in the East, where he could make more money, but that the wintry winds of the East were highly detrimental to his delicate mechanism. We were talking about the war when his practiced eye spied a vacant shed situated in an orange grove, which he said looked good to him for the night.

I was traveling in the San Gabriel valley, which, by means of irrigation, is developing into a very rich section of California.

The following is an extract from the San Demas Eagle:

"Michael G. Harman was in town last Sunday on his way to New York, a-foot. He started from Frisco and intends to see the country to the best advantage. The two things distinguishing the gentleman are his great height and his great hat. The latter caused one of our young hopefuls to lisp, 'Gimme ride on your somrero.' "

San Francisco, 515 miles—3,195 miles New York.

## CHAPTER IV.

### JOURNEY WITH A DESERT RAT.

The Unmitigated Nerve of a Hobo—A Terrible Night in Cajon Cañon—The Walker Enters the Desert—The Mouth of the Valley of Death—Professor George Lamont Webster, the Desert Poet Song-writer, Dramatist, Inventor and Financier.

At San Bernardino I purchased a second-hand canteen for fifteen cents, in which, as we say down in old Virginia, to "tote" my water.

Overtook north of San Bernardino a prospector, or "desert rat," as they are called in the far West, packing from Yuma, Arizona, to Barstow, California. Two burros packed his outfit.

He was found to be quite well educated and very entertaining. In conversation he said:

"For twenty years I have been roving over this desert country of eastern California, Arizona and Nevada in search of gold. Was engaged to marry a girl in Vermont when I came west to seek my fortune. I am, as you see, still seeking. The last communication received from her was fifteen years ago—an invitation to her wedding."

"Do you ever contemplate returning home?" I inquired.

"Not unless I strike it rich," he answered, "and then only for a time. Guess my bones will be laid on these desert wastes. You see, partner," he continued, "this

wild, free life of the prospector wholly unfits one for the conventionalities of the East."

"Have you ever found any gold in your long search?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "but only a thousand or so, when the claim petered out."

"Don't you ever become discouraged?" was the next enquiry.

"At times, yes; but then," he added with a laugh, "the dearest and sweetest word in the English language is 'hope'. Hope is to the prospector what religion is to a woman."

A grand and sublime exhibition of unmitigated nerve came under my observation at a way-station called Kenwood. The Desert Rat was watering and unpacking his burros, and I was taking a short rest before starting on the last ten miles to the Summit.

There was also a hobo doing the rest act. We heard, several miles distant, one of the immense Santa Fe engines climbing the terrific grade to the Summit.

"I'm going to board that train," said the 'bo, and down the track he went for a hundred yards or more, and was lost to view in the undergrowth bordering the track. The train, a passenger one, didn't stop at Kenwood, but pulled by very slowly.

Where do you suppose our 'bo was? Listen! Standing on the observatory platform of a private car, leaning gracefully against the door-sill, smoking a cigarette and viewing the passing scenery.

"Surely," said I, "that is our friend of a few minutes ago on that private car."

"It most certainly is," replied the Desert Rat, "what is it these fellows won't do."

A railroad agent advised me to make a short cut through Cajon cañon to the Summit. It was nearly sundown when the cañon was reached, and common-sense should have kept me on the railroad track, but it didn't; maybe I haven't any—if I have, none was exercised. Ere a mile was covered, the cañon was wrapped in inky blackness; nothing was discernible but the tops of those great perpendicular walls of the cañon, against the star-lit sky. Time after time I fell sprawling over large boulders which the trail, if it could be called such, was strewn with. Again and again I wandered out of the trail into the underbrush. The going was very heavy —sinking into the sand up to my shoetops.

Finally I lost the trail completely, and, after several vain attempts to regain it, accepted the inevitable, to camp in the cañon and await daylight. Crawled around on the ground to gather a few twigs to start a fire. The cañons get intensely cold at night. I was very hungry, not having tasted food for twelve hours, and nearly perishing with thirst. The fire had died to a bed of coals, and evidently I had been dozing for some time, when I was aroused by a terrible roar in close proximity—a mountain lion—which reverberated from one cañon wall to the other. Was I scared? Oh, no; not at all; could feel myself turn from purple to green and from green to purple; the blood froze, and my heart stopped beating it seemed to me for an hour. The only weapon of defense carried was a double-edged hunting knife with an

eight-inch blade, placed in my leggings. Involuntarily my hand sought the knife; Caesar's ghost and seedless persimmons, it was missing ! It had slipped from its place in one of my numerous falls. 'Twould have been of little service except for the effect on my courage, for, in an encounter with a wild beast unless a vital point is reached at the first stab, it is useless.



Soon an answering roar was heard at some distance from the camp. I knew it was the lion's mate, and soon I would have two surrounding the camp instead of one.

I was oblivious to hunger, cold, thirst and sleep. One thought absorbed me—body and soul—could I keep the fire going until daybreak? I knew full well that my safety depended on that alone. I gathered all the sticks



and twigs within a radius of ten feet; was afraid to stray further. The occasional roars of the beasts alone broke the intense silence of that gloomy cañon. Every time I heard a noise I'd add a new stick to the fire to make the blaze larger; and pray to the Lord. It's strange what queer thoughts one has in times of imminent danger. Wondered if they'd come with their mouths open, and if they did, could I scare them away by thrusting a brand in the mouth or the eye; burn them a bit, you know.

The lions were distinctly heard crossing the cañon both above and below the camp. Thought several times I saw the glare of their eyes by the camp-fire light, but it may have been only my overwrought imagination.

No doting mother ever watched more anxiously over a beloved child than I did over that fire. An hour before the break of day my wood supply was exhausted, and it was necessary to take a short excursion for a supply, which was obtained some twenty-five feet from the camp; expected to be nabbed every step of the way, but was unmolested. No doubt the lions had sought their lair, as they hadn't been heard for several hours.

When morning came I felt a thousand years old, but retraced the route and found my knife. After a walk of six miles, arrived at a stationhouse where I received a much-needed breakfast.

The night following was passed on the floor of a stationhouse. In the morning I practically invited myself to breakfast with the agent who seemed reluctant to dispense his hospitality. Was at first inclined to be indig-

nant, and start out hungry, but thought better of it and decided to give vent to my indignation at a more opportune moment.

After passing the Summit I was on the Desert proper. The fragrant flowers would no more revive the weary walker, nor could he recline under the friendly shade of an orange tree and have his hunger appeased and palate tickled by the juicy fruit. I felt very badly at leaving the most beautiful country in the world behind me, with eight hundred miles of barren alkali wastes in front. For the flowers I had the sagebrush—for the cultivated people, the desert rats and degenerate red men. It's a treacherous and dangerous country, and it has been said of it that "a crow must carry his rations" as he flies across. I had no idea of flying, neither did I carry any rations, and seventy-three cents was all the money I had; but I felt supremely confident I would reach Albuquerque on schedule time.

Saturday morning, April ninth, I arrived at Barstow and ate luncheon at the railroad restaurant. I have quite a weakness for large, juicy beefsteaks—and had one. On leaving Barstow, I for the first time faced due eastward. In the afternoon I passed Daggett, which is situated at the mouth of the Valley of Death, so named because of its deadly peril to travelers. Was very thankful it was only necessary for me to pass, and not traverse it.

It was rather late, when entering the station at Newberry, which consists of a station house and water tank, I was greeted by a vision, not a lovely one, but a

vision nevertheless. It was Professor George Lamont Webster, the "Desert Poet," in all the habiliments of night fireman and telegraph operator on a hot night in the desert, viz.: a dirty balbriggan shirt, a pair of blue overalls, tennis shoes, and a four-weeks' growth of red beard.

His fiery red hair was a foot long, more or less. The Professor was certainly a peach for looks.

He was very cordial in his greeting:

"Sit right down and rest yourself," he said, "you know I'm a literary genius."

I at once knew he was a character. Soon he produced a printed copy of a poem published by a St. Louis concern. The reproduction of the title page will give you some idea of the richness of the context:

"The Great Poem,
MILLEE,
The Companion Poem,
Milloo.
Copyrighted 1903 by George Lamont Webster,
Author of the Beautiful Songs,
Sweet Mamie McLain,
Now she's mine, the village belle,
Pray tell them you heard that I was dead.
Sporting play:
HARDING KNOX PRIZE-FIGHTER,
The Comedy—How Mr. Carter got out of it."

The poem is very pathetic. The professor, while reading it to me in his most impressive style, was moved to tears. Milloo is a parody on Millee.

"It's all very beautiful and pathetic, Professor," said I, at the same time wiping away the tears which were standing on my cheeks like dewdrops on a full-blown rose on a July morn, "but tell me why you had Millee and Milloo published and bound together? It seems to me it rather mars Millee. Possibly it was to accentuate the extreme pathos of the latter; am I right?"

"In a way, yes," was the reply. "Millee is unquestionably the greatest poem since Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Whenever a really great poem or song is written, some d——d fool comes along with a parody. I anticipated him, and wrote it myself."

"Now," he continued, "I am so busily engaged on many large enterprises that I haven't the time to push this poem. You must handle it for me. When you reach St. Louis have some beautiful lady recite it with illustrated pictures. She'll become famous and be known forever afterwards as the woman who recited Millee. When you go through Kansas, gather a troupe, and stage at the World's Fair the comedy, "How Mr. Carter got out of it."

"But, Professor," interrupted I, "do you think the rural districts of the Sunflower State a good place to gather theatrical timber?"

"No trouble at all. Tell them we'll make them stars for life."

Happened to open casually the copy of "How Mr. Carter got out of it," and the first passage that caught my eye was this:

"What are you doing there, Katie?"

"Oh, father, don't bother now. I am singing and playing the beautiful songs written by Professor George Lamont Webster."

"Are you not," enquired I, "going to let me stage the sporting play, 'Harding Knox—Prize-fighter?' If I'm going to dabble in theatricals, I might as well go the limit."

"No, I think not," said he, thoughtfully; "I'm reserving that to play myself at some future time."

"Professor, what are these immense enterprises that you spoke of?"

"I'm promoting a railroad from Denver to Los Angeles," was the reply.

"What effect," I asked, "will that have on the Salt Lake and the Santa Fe roads?"

"What effect will it have?" he repeated slowly; "the former will be down and out, and the Santa Fe won't be worth a ——, west of Albuquerque."

He continued, "I am promoting what is to be known as the George Lamont Webster Consolidated Mining Company, with an authorized capital of fifty millions. I have also a patent medicine, invented by myself, 'George Lamont Webster's Hair Specific,' which will grow hair on a billiard ball."

"That's all the gold mine you need, Professor," I added. "Grow John D. a little bunch of whiskers, and a cool million is yours."

"An excellent idea, Harman. I'll give you a box and when you reach Cleveland, give it to the old man and let him try it."

"And, in addition to the other propositions, I'm the greatest mechanical genius of the age. Have invented a rotary steam engine which will revolutionize the mechanical world. This company will be known as 'The George Lamont Webster Engine Company.' You understand, Harman, I'll under no circumstances accept a subordinate position in any of my enterprises. I must be president of them all."

"Quite right you are, Professor," said I. "But the desert is no place to financier enterprises. Go to Wall street, New York, and beard 'the lion (J. P.) in his den.' "

"I was a man of large affairs in Texas; why, once, I had the hay market all but cornered when my partner put me on the bum. Thank God, the scoundrel is now cutting logs in the swamps of Texas at a dollar and a half per."

My couch was made on the counter in the station. The last thing remembered was the Professor, standing by my side, singing in a low, soft tone, "Pray tell them you heard I was dead."

I was.

I inspired the following choice bit of poetry, which the Professor produced during my oblivious hours:

## MY FRIEND MIKE.

The first I saw of my friend Mike,
Was out on the desert one dark night,
And he was long and lean of shank
As he walked up to the water tank.

Now Frisco to York is quite a way
The trip, you know, is not made in a day,
He started out with just three cents
But plenty of courage and good sense.

To walk all the way, the sights to see,
And write for the papers, or a book maybe;
To gain coin and health as well,
Mayhap a BRIDE, one can never tell.

Altho' quite tired from his long walk
He was cheerful, and I enjoyed his talk;
But one question of his jarred me out of my seat:
Where could he find a place to wash his feet!

That feet *could* be washed I had forgotten for years
Mem'ry called up the picture of feet washed with tears,
And dried with strands of beautiful hair
From the head of a woman surpassingly fair.

Sleep on, friend, your journey's but begun;
Before you lies fame, wife and fortune;
Rest for your feet and brain, you need, I know,
Also a wholesome breakfast before you go.

Altho' we meet on these desert sands
We may meet again in better lands.
'The Call of the Wild' has no charms for me,
And I long some beautiful city to see.

Somewhere fortune waits for you and me,
Then, when life is what it should be,
And bright lights, music and lovely women hold sway,
We'll pledge our friendship anew in that better day.

San Francisco, 637 miles—3,073 miles New York.

## CHAPTER V.

### LUDLOW.

Death by Thirst the Most Horrible of All—How a Novice Misjudged Distances in the Desert—A Night Walk—An Attempted Hold-up Frustrated—Intense Heat at Needles—Cross the Colorado River—Grafting Meals in the Desert—Kingman.

On April ninth I walked to Ludlow. The night operator conducted me to a box-car where a luxurious couch was constructed out of gunny sacks. No Vanderbilt or Astor, on his down, slept a better sleep or enjoyed it more thoroughly than did the pedestrian. Guess I'd be sleeping yet had the night operator not banged on the car, and informed me the agent desired my company at breakfast. At the word "breakfast," the walker was alert. There is not a word in Webster's Unabridged that will make a long-distance walker "sit up and take notice" quicker. I was on the job in five minutes by the watch, and it was ham and eggs. On a long walk, for a stayer, they can't be beat in a hundred years.

The next day journeyed to Bagdad. This section of the desert is situated only a few hundred feet above the sea level, and the weather was intensely warm. The amount of water one consumed was appalling. When walking my throat was parched all the time; the alkali is like powder, it's so fine, and lodges in the nostrils and throat. At times it is impossible to swallow without the aid of tepid water from the canteen. In the

desert, to see that one's water supply is sufficient is of primary importance. This had been impressed on me by the stories of the old-timers in the country.

If a person is in distress a train must stop and pick him up; it is against the law for a train to put one off except at a water tank. A railroad man of twenty years' experience said:

"One of the peculiarities of a man dying of thirst, after his tongue begins to swell and he gets delirious, is to disrobe by piecemeal. Whenever an engineer on his lookout sees a pair of shoes here, a hat there, and, a little further on, a coat, the crew is notified to keep a sharp lookout—for there's a man dying of thirst in the desert. And," he continued, "the chances are that within a mile or so (they go quickly when they get delirious) the poor devil will be found, naked and down on his knees, digging in the sand for water, with his fingers all broken and bleeding. Of course when a man is that far gone it is next to impossible to save him."

To illustrate how quickly one goes in the extreme weather, a man told me he had known of numerous cases where the victim had been within a quarter of a mile of water and succumbed before reaching it.

When Bagdad was reached the manager of Fred Harvey's entertained me at supper. Gave him a photograph of myself, and he must have liked the cut of my jib, for he invited me to breakfast. It was only necessary to throw a little jolly into these fellows, and nine times in ten they would tumble.

It was with no regrets that at five o'clock I left my couch; even the softest spot on the floor grows hard after a few hours.

Six o'clock found me hitting it up to Danby.

After traversing fifteen miles arrived at a side-track, where I found a commissary car of a large steel gang. Far be it from me to pass anything like a cook-car. Found the commissary, and, at his solicitation, decided to spend the day with him, and walk the remaining twenty miles to Danby after sundown.

He and I were sitting in the doorway of the car, endeavoring to keep cool in a temperature of something over a hundred degrees in the shade, when I observed as follows:

"After the sun disappears, suppose we step over to those mountains and make a hurried investigation—they look interesting and we may find a gold mine."

It was a horse on me. He lay back in his chair and howled with delight.

"How far do you think those mountains are from here?" he enquired.

"A couple of miles," was my reply.

"Multiply that by six and you have the distance."

Noticing the incredulous look on my face, he continued:

"It is simply impossible for a novice properly to judge distances in this atmosphere."

Left the camp at five o'clock for the night walk to Danby. How different from any other night stroll in my recollection! Hitherto every few minutes some

evidence of animal life would be manifested. The croak of a frog, bark of a dog, sound of horses' hoofs on the roadway, or a halloo—something that would let you know you were not alone in the world. But out here in the desert it was different. Several times I paused and listened, but not a sound emanating from one of God's living creatures could I catch. Even the monotonous call of the whip-poor-will would have been welcome. The stillness of death reigned. Nothing appeared inviting or attractive; even the mountains arose tall, bare and forbidding, on the horizon of this country accursed by the Almighty in his wrath. The feeling of loneliness and solitude is indescribable.

You can imagine how startled I was when upon rounding a sharp curve I saw a camp-fire something like a hundred yards from the track. I knew from the way it was burning that it had but lately been replenished, but because of its glare could discern no person.

It was fortunate that it was there as I was getting dopy, and it thoroughly aroused me for an adventure I was to encounter a few minutes later. Half a mile east of the fire is the side-track called Cadiz, six miles west of Danby. Just as I was opposite the side-track I heard two men talking, and saw them walking rapidly westward. I stopped dead in my tracks and listened. Could tell by the sound that we were on the same side of the track, so I gently crossed over, pulled my frog-sticker and prepared for action. As it was only starlight, had my suit been of dark material they would have passed without noticing me. My uniform and Mexican sombrero, however, attracted their attention.

They stopped directly opposite me with a start, and, for the period of ten seconds, peered intently at me. The interval was sufficient for me to make up my mind, if need be, to fight to a finish, for I knew they were hoboes, as no baggage was carried (an almost infallible sign).

They separated as though to surround me, and started to cross the track.

"Hands up !" one of the men called.

"Halt!" came from me in a ringing tone, and I was surprised to find no tremor in it. Stay on your side of the track or I'll fire."

They halted all right. The 'bos were sufficiently close to see the glitter of steel in the starlight, but, of course, couldn't discern that it was not a revolver. One of them asked:

"Have-er-you saw-er-a young fellow walking west to-night?"

"Not a soul has been 'saw' for fifteen miles," was my reply.

"Could you give a fellow a bite to eat or a drink of water from the canteen?" he next enquired.

The same old game to take you off your guard.

"No, I'm neither a perambulating water-tank nor travelling commissary for the public. Now move, and lively, too."

I let their footsteps die completely out before resuming the journey, at a lively rate, to Danby.

The agent at the last-named point told me had seen the 'bos loafing around the water tank in the afternoon, and they were desperate-looking characters. Had the

wind been from the west instead of the east, *they* would have had the drop on ME. They'd have got between two freight cars (there was a string of them on the siding), cracked me on the head with a coupling pin, taken what I had, dug a hole in the sand and—well, 'twould have been the end of little Willie.

The next morning while performing my toilet in the waiting-room, which consisted of lacing my shoes and adjusting my eyeglasses, I overheard the night operator informing the agent of my arrival.

"Some fool seeking cheap notoriety," was his comment.

He was dead easy, though. At the end of a ten-minutes' jolly I was feasting round his festive board.

April thirteenth reached Needles. In the afternoon, on rounding a curve, saw the town situated on the banks of the Colorado river. "Gee !" thought I to myself, "but the old boy must have been going some to-day. Another hour will find me in the city."

It was just four hours by the watch before it was reached. I was twelve miles distant when the town was first observed, and I thought it four. Passed the night at a hotel and occupied an inside room, with the thermometer registering one hundred and three degrees at seven P. M. Needles is reckoned the second warmest town in the United States—Yuma, Arizona, being the first.

The Santa Fe depot is a very lively and interesting place.

The Mojave squaws are quite skilful in making novelty beadwork. All day long they squat around on the

platform, arising only to go to the train windows to dispose of their wares to the suckers bound east or west.

In Topock spent the night with an old prospector who had opened a general store there. At sundown we went over to the banks of the river, made a fire and cooked supper.

"Guess you'd like to know," said the old man, "why, when I have a house with a stove in it, I come out here to cook, but I have been cooking and living in the open air so many years that victuals don't taste when cooked on a stove like they do out here."

It was with deep regret that I terminated my journey through wonderful and beautiful California with the crossing of the Colorado river. The Californians are very progressive, hospitable to a degree, and generous to a fault. They encouraged me when despondent, housed me when I applied for shelter, and fed me when hungry; not once, but many times. My treatment at the hands of the Californians will ever be green in my memory.

Not "a corner in my heart," but a great big space will be reserved for Californians, and everything pertaining to California, for all time.

It may be interesting for you to know just how these people in the desert are worked for meals and lodging. They must be handled with consummate skill, for as a rule there is only one family at a station, and if turned down it may mean no supper and an additional walk of a dozen miles.

Before leaving Topock I ascertained that a Kansan was stationed at Francione, was married—no children—who had only been in the desert three weeks. All the information I wanted; knew he'd be dead easy. On my arrival at the last-named point found the agent standing in the doorway of the car, which was used both as an office and residence.

I came up smiling. "This is Mr. (we'll call him) Jones, isn't it?" On his answering in the affirmative, I continued: "Am very glad indeed to meet you, sir. Allow me to present you with one of my cards. I am on a walk from San Francisco to New York."

"Come into the car and rest awhile. I am curious to know who told you my name," he replied.

"There is no mystery about that, Mr. Jones. The agent at Topock happened to mention it casually; said he talked to you frequently over the wire," was the reply.

"Yes, the desert is so lonesome that we poor devils learn to know each other quite well, although we'll probably never meet personally."

"It is a terrible country and on the completion of this journey it will be dear old Kansas for me in the future," said I, with the most innocent expression in the world.

Jones covered the intervening space in one leap, which by actual measurement was fourteen feet, grasped me by the hand and exclaimed:

"Great Scott, man, are you from Kansas?"

"Great Bend, Barton county," I answered (was thoroughly familiar with that town, as a month had been spent in that vicinity the year previous.)

"I'm from Wichita," he said.

Then it was my turn to jump fourteen feet, more or less, crack my heels together, grasp him by the hand and exclaim:

"This is certainly a remarkable coincidence, old fellow, that we two worthy scions of the Sunflower State should meet in this way in the great desert."

In a few minutes he trotted in "Estelle," and it was up to your "Uncle Dudley" to throw a bouquet.

"Jones, you should be ashamed to bring this lovely sunflower out here to droop midst the sagebrush and the cactus."

It reached the spot. "Estelle," metaphorically speaking, "put the big pot in the little one," for we were soon called to partake of the best dinner I had eaten since entering the desert.

Who will say that this fabrication was harmful? I thereby received a good dinner and Jones and his wife spent an enjoyable two hours. When they return home they'll tell their friends how a man from Kansas, walking from San Francisco to New York, dined with them, and of the jolly good time we had together.

The same old game was worked every day. Nearly every State in the Union had been visited by me, and I could talk intelligently about them all. If a man was from Illinois I was from the same; if he was from Oklahoma, so was I; should he hail from Missouri, you had "to show" me. Then, again, the debt was on their side of the ledger. 'Tis true my meals and lodging were given me, but in return for them I was called upon to recite anecdotes of my travels, relate adventures, answer

a multitude of questions, and appear animated and interested when, as a matter of fact, I was so worn out and sore that the floor (no beds those days) was the proper place for one who had a walk the next day in front of him of, possibly, thirty miles. In other words, was called on every day to give a *dollar's* worth of chin-music for a twenty-five cent meal.

San Francisco, 848 miles—2,862 miles New York.

## CHAPTER VI.

### KINGMAN.

The Indian School at Truxton—Williams—The Grand Cañon of Arizona—Flagstaff—The Most Delightful Sensation in the World—A Narrow Escape From Death at the Cañon Diablo—A Cheerful Man With Three Wives and Eighteen Children—The Petrified Forests—The Walk With a Swedish Hobo—The Confusion of Tongues.

At Kingman I stopped at the Commercial Hotel. The town is the center of a great mining district, gold and copper being found in large quantities. The sheriff of the county is a former Alabamian; before I left he loaded me down with fruit and tobacco. He conducted me through his office which is decorated with souvenirs taken from the real "bad men;" a type that is rarely found now except in fiction.

After I crossed the Colorado river and ascended the plateau, I "swapped the devil for a witch." In the California desert it was the terrible heat; in Arizona it was the horrible wind, which blew each day with increasing velocity. However, my Mexican sombrero, which was tied down like grandmother's sunbonnet, afforded my face great protection from the sand.

April eighteenth I reached Truxton, where is situated the new Indian school for the Walapais and other tribes. By means of irrigation the superintendent has created a veritable Garden of Eden. His orchard and garden produce nearly every fruit and vegetable known

in the United States. Of course the beauties of the spot are accentuated by its barren surroundings.

The doctor had been battling for six weeks with an epidemic of measles, and in the course of conversation, he said:

"When the children are six years of age they are brought here and housed, which is very detrimental to their health. They have very delicate constitutions and are susceptible to all infectious diseases. Several of the children with the measles have already died, and eight of the little chaps are hopelessly ill in the hospital with complications of tuberculosis in various forms.

"You remember the old proverb," he continued, " 'you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' We can bring them here, give them an education, teach them how to sew, cook, to be carpenters and farmers, but we cannot prevent their lapsing into a semi-barbarous condition on their return to the reservation, which with few exceptions they invariably do. They are a race of degenerates, and it's only a question of a few years when they will be exterminated by tuberculosis."

The doctor took me into the hospital where I saw those eight swarthy little warriors lying side by side, and ranging in age from eight to twelve years. The doctor touched the terrible places on their bodies and not one of the eight emitted so much as a cry or groan. But the agony they were suffering was clearly discernible in the great black eyes turned on the doctor, which plainly said: "I know you'll help me if you can, but if you cannot I'll die before I say it hurts."

With all the Indians' savagery, degeneracy and treachery, there is one trait in their character which is most admirable, the dominant one, and one that it would be well for his white brother to emulate. I mean the attribute of *self-containment.*

"The conclusions that I draw from your remarks, doctor, are these: That the government is endeavoring to regenerate a degenerate race by the means of education, and that the process as pursued now is detrimental to their health."

The doctor answered "Yes."

"Do you not think, doctor," I asked, "that if all sentimentality was eliminated—I mean by that the idea of making a Twentieth Century lady and gentleman out of the Indian—and the children were raised in their homes on the reservation, and schools were established there, that better all 'round results could be obtained?"

"Have no doubt of it," he replied.

On Tuesday, April nineteenth, my objective point was Seligman, Arizona, a distance of forty-three miles, which was accomplished against a fierce sou'east wind. At Picacho the foreman in charge of a well-drilling crew inquired if I could remain long enough for the "Chink" to cook me a nice beefsteak. What do you think of that?

"Old man," I replied, "when the word steak is mentioned this old horse is warranted not to run—stands without hitching—'fetch on the flannel cakes.'"

Seligman was not reached until eleven P. M., the last ten miles having been walked in the night.



GRAND CAÑON.

April thirteenth the walk was through a country that registered over a hundred degrees in the shade. The twentieth the walk led me through a blinding snowstorm into Ashfork. Was it cold? Maybe it wasn't. The season was certainly rushed with a khaki suit and a straw sombrero.

April twenty-first I reached Williams and was a guest of the Grand Cañon hotel. The famous Bill Williams mountains loom up in close proximity, and here it is that you take the branch to visit the Grand Cañon of Arizona. I thought it a pretty big gulch; here is what another lobster thinks of it:

"An inferno swathed in celestial fires; a whole chaotic under-world, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension. The beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail; he is overwhelmed by the *ensemble* of stupendous panorama, a thousand square miles in extent, that lies wholly beneath the eye as if he stood upon a mountain peak instead of the level brink of a fearful chasm in the plateau whose opposite shore is thirteen miles away. A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lacelike webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvelous delicacy. Never was a picture more

harmonious, never flower more exquisitely beautiful. It flashes instant communication of all that architecture and painting and music for a thousand years have gropingly striven to express. It is the soul of Michael Angelo and of Beethoven."

The walk to Flagstaff, thirty-four miles, was simply fearful. The wind blew with such a velocity all day long, and raised such clouds of sand, that at times it was impossible to discern objects fifty yards distant. From Los Angeles to Williams the major portion of the journey was walked on the right of way of the railroad company. From the last-named point clear to Albuquerque the track was ballasted with lava cinder, which is sharp as broken glass, and death and destruction to shoe leather.

This necessitated my getting right out in the desert and piking along in sand at times nearly to my shoe-tops.

I crossed the Arizona Divide on April twenty-fifth at Riordan, when I was more than seven thousand feet above the sea level. That night I stepped aside to let the California Limited by, going west. In the rear compartment of the observatory car was seen, smoking and laughing, a jolly party of men. A great wave of loneliness swept over the tired and weary traveller, and for the first time since leaving San Francisco he felt his heart sink within him and a dying of that enthusiasm which had hitherto enabled him to surmount all obstacles.

On reaching Flagstaff, or "Flaggy," as it is termed by the Indians, I repaired to the Commercial Hotel,

where I was very nicely received by the proprietor. If there ever was a fright in this world I was one. The host was responsible for my having experienced the most delightful sensation in the world. Do you want to know what it was? All right, but one must know the conditions precedent. Listen, "these are them:"

One must have walked thirty and odd miles in sand up to his ankles—against a forty-mile per hour wind which filled the atmosphere with sand and alkali. Furthermore, he must have gone twelve hours without food —his throat and mouth must be so parched and dry as scarcely to be able to articulate or swallow; then, and then only, is he prepared to experience the most delightful sensation in the world. *Washing the alkali from one's throat with a cold bottle of Budweiser.* That's all. It can't be beat in a thousand years.

When he handed me the bottle I clutched it with both hands; leaned against a post for support; closed my eyes; turned the bottle upside down and let her go. Before the bottle was half emptied my sinking heart resumed its normal position; when two-thirds down all the old-time enthusiasm had returned, and when emptied to the last drop I was ready to walk to New York and back again.

Flagstaff was the gateway to the Grand Cañon before the line from Williams was built; even now the journey can be made by stage. The town is situated in a very rich belt of timber and minerals. The Lowell Observatory is situated here, because of the pure atmosphere for which Flagstaff is noted.

Saturday night was passed at Winona, where I, not metaphorically but actually, hit up the feathers. My, but it was a shock to my system ! As no permanent injury resulted, such as heart failure, brain fever or spinal meningitis, the next morning I was early on the road to Dennison, where I arrived after a hard drill of thirty-one miles.

Found the operator in charge a fine fellow—and his bride of six weeks a still finer one—for she prepared a dandy supper of hot biscuits and apple butter.

At the Cañon Diablo I had a very narrow escape from death.

This is what a well-known descriptive writer says about the cañon:

"It is one of those inconsequent things that Arizona is fond of displaying. For many miles you are bowled over a perfectly level plain, and without any preparation whatever, save only to slacken its pace, the train crosses the chasm by a spider-web bridge, two hundred and twenty feet high and six hundred feet long, and then spreads over the selfsame placid expanse.

"In the darkness of night one might unsuspectingly step off into its void, it is so utterly unlooked for."

Different persons along the route had repeatedly warned me to be careful not to be caught on the bridge by the train. The station called Cañon Diablo is situated about a mile east of the cañon. When the western wall of the cañon was reached Sunday afternoon smoke was observed curling heavenward. After a wait of possibly ten minutes I started across, thinking that it

was smoke from a train that had already crossed. Imagine my terror when at the middle of the bridge I saw the train bearing down upon me. To save myself I had the choice either to swing over the chasm by an arm and leg or to run for it. I chose the former, for in running a misstep meant certain death. There was no railing, just a stringer laid along the outer edge, and to it I crawled, wrapped my right arm and right leg around it, and, like a member of the fair sex shooting at a mark, closed my eyes, and over I went, suspending my body in mid-air. The train was within a hundred yards when I suspended myself, but in that brief space of a few seconds I thought of all kinds of contingencies that might happen. "Suppose a lump of coal should fall off the tender and light on my cocoanut, or that the engine should squirt hot steam when opposite me?" If either had happened 'twould have been all over with the big tramp. The vibration was something terrific; though I was sticking to the stringer like a sick kitten to a hot brick I thought every moment my hold would be loosened and I'd be dashed to the abyss below. After the passage of the train I pulled myself over on the bridge and sat there until I regained my equanimity.

April twenty-sixth I reached a Mormon settlement, Joseph City, and ate luncheon consisting of a can of peaches and crackers at a man's store who is the proud possessor of three wives and eighteen children. As a rule one of those sweet responsibilities has a tendency to sober one—but gracious me, how a man can be jolly with three passes comprehension! He was, though,

and he could crack a joke and enjoy one with the best of them. He was "lucky on the draw," I guess.

A visit was paid the petrified forests at Adamanta. There have been many theories advanced as to the origin of these wonderful specimens of petrified wood. I quote from one descriptive writer on the subject:

"Long ere Noah fell adrift with the heterogeneous company of the ark, or Adam was; perhaps even before the ancestral ape first stood erect in the posture of men that were to be, forests were growing in Arizona, just as in some parts they grow to-day. And it befell in the course of time that they lay prostrate and over them swept the waters of an inland sea. Then the sea vanished, the uncouth denizens of its deeps and shores became extinct, and craters belched forth volcanic spume to spread a further mantle of oblivion over the past. Yet somewhere the chain of life remains unbroken, and as fast as there came dust for worm to burrow in, mould for vegetable to sprout in, and leaf for insect to feed on, life crept back in multiplying forms, only to retreat again before the surge of elemental strife after a century or after a thousand years. So, to return to our long buried forests, some ten thousand feet of rock was deposited over it, and subsequently eroded clean away. And when these ancient logs were uncovered, and, like so many Van Winkles, awoke—but from a sleep many thousand times longer—to the sight of a world that had forgotten them, lo ! the sybaritic chemistry of nature had transformed them every one into chalcedony, topaz, onyx, carnelian, agate and amethyst."



AN INDIAN MAIDEN.

On making Pinta, called at the Henning ranch and found the family gathered round the festive board. An invitation was extended to me to join the gathering.

In discussing the tourists Mrs. Henning, who was a highly educated and cultivated woman, said:

"The average Easterner is ignorant of the prevailing conditions in the West. They expect everything to be 'wild and woolly' and that the primary function of the West is to furnish entertainment and delectation for the tourist.

"Last year the Presbyterian preachers," she continued, "when on their excursion to California, were delayed here for an hour, owing to a breakdown. On hearing a commotion in the front part of the house, and on coming from the kitchen to ascertain the cause thereof, I met a large number of these eminent divines marching through the house sightseeing. Did they knock? Oh, no, it is not necessary in the West. Just turned the knob and walked in.

"Gentlemen," said I, "you are evidently laboring under a misapprehension. This is no Bosco eat-'em-alive show, but a private residence. Will you be so kind as to withdraw?"

On leaving Pinta I was joined by a Swede who was 'boing it to Albuquerque. He asked if there was any objection to his accompanying me, and I told him no, provided he could keep apace with me. Every few steps he would flinch, and upon enquiring the cause the poor fellow displayed a hole in the bottom of each of his shoes about the size of a half-dollar. Several pieces

of soleleather were produced from my knapsack which he trimmed and carefully placed over them.

I unconsciously swung into that long stride which rarely nets me less than three and a half miles per hour. The Swede was scarcely five feet in height, and being further handicapped with wornout shoes, was with great difficulty keeping up with me. As we passed the section house at Navaho, the boss, who evidently had been observing us coming down the track for some time, said, addressing the Swede:

"Hey, there, partner, if you try to keep up with that slim-jam you'll be out of all your clothes before night."

I was very glad he made the remark, for my day's companion was being treated very ungenerously. He was taking two steps to my one and the sweat was rolling down his face in streams; he carried his hat in one hand and coat in the other.

At Chambers, which consists of a section-house and quarters for the Mexican laborers, we rested for a while and had our luncheon—which, by the way, was exceedingly light for two hungry men—only a few crackers. Simultaneously there came from opposite directions two persons. One, a young Mexican—they are a very curious people—and the other, a Navajo squaw, walking in her bare feet and carrying her baggage in a shawl which was hanging down her back and supported by her head.

The squaw, speaking in the Navajo dialect, addressed a remark to the Mexican, Swede and American. The Mexican undertook to explain in Spanish to the Swede

and American, what the Navajo wanted. Then the Swede "butted in" in Swedish to ascertain what the Mexican and Navajo were talking about, in order to enlighten the American. And the American? Well, he told all three, in plain, good old English, to go to the devil.

Every one talking at the same time, and all in a different lingo. It is not necessary to go back to the Tower of Babel for the confusion of tongues; you can get it any day in the week right in Arizona.

At Houcks, where the night was passed, I found the agent in bed with lumbago, and incapacitated. I repaired to the kitchen and cooked supper. Gave my friend, the Swede, two immense sandwiches and some coffee, and we both crawled in behind the boiler where, to say the least, we didn't suffer with the cold.

San Francisco, 1,173 miles—2,537 miles New York.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE WALKER ACTS THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Gallup—The Feeding of a Hungry Multitude—Fort Wingate—Attacked by an Indian's Dog—Laguna—A Fast Walk to Rio Puerco—'Twas the Woman Who Did It—"It Never Rains But it Pours"—A Meeting With "Chicago" at Albuquerque—Los Cerrillos—Tim—The Arizona Limited Express—The Assets—How the Prairie Schooner and Harness Were Made—Carrie Nation and Mark Twain.

In the forenoon of April twenty-ninth a little angora kid, possibly a week old, was seen standing on the track bleating most plaintively for his mamma. The mother while feeding had evidently secreted her youthful son under the friendly shade of a cactus plant, with instructions to await her return; the shepherd ran mamma off without counting the youngsters; the pangs of hunger got the better of Willie, and so he was found making a reconnoissance of the situation. The coyotes would have picked him up when it became dark.

As little Willie had never seen a long-distance walker in full regalia before, he turned tail and ran (who can blame him?) as fast as his poor weak legs could carry him, but was captured after a short chase. The best the walker could do for little Willie was to offer him his thumb to suck.

The pedestrian incumbered with a goat? Huh! After carrying the youngster for three miles, a flock of goats was seen feeding at some distance from the track

and Billy was carried over and turned loose midst the flock. The walker paused in his mad career across the continent to watch his protege's next move, and was amply repaid. The perseverance shown by that young William goat in grafting a good square meal was most creditable. The kid no sooner touched the ground, than boldly and without a moment's hesitation he made his play for dinner. His every action expressed the following sentiment: "There's a good dinner in this flock of goats for a rustler, if he *is* a stranger, and I'm going to get it or know the reason why."

The first Nanny he tackled, when the discovery was made that her own offspring was being robbed, turned and viciously butted him over. The youthful ram, however, arose and with a bleat and a shake of his head made for the next. After experiencing almost as many failures as did Robert Bruce before his kingdom was attained, he finally came to an old Nanny that took compassion on the motherless waif.

Has it ever been your good fortune to see a young goat going after his dinner? The walker had never witnessed any action so eloquently expressive of genuine satisfaction and contentment as was manifested by the shakes of little Willie's tail while engaged in that most delightful of occupations.

Made Gallup, or "Gallupy," as it is termed by the Indians, late in the evening of the twenty-ninth; too late to obtain supper. The next morning the manager of Fred Harvey's said he'd be delighted to give me a meal after he had fed three trainloads of Methodists en route to California.

A swell chance, well I guess, yes, when I saw them alight from the cars. You know what the brethren and sisters can do to fried chicken, et cetera, under ordinary circumstances. This occasion was an extraordinary one, for the trains had been delayed and the contingent hadn't had a morsel for ten hours.

To alleviate my feeling about the matter, I pulled the long dirk out of my leggings as the brethren and sisters were leaving the dining-room to make way for the next train, and with a fierce expression on my no-wise handsome physiognomy, commenced whetting it on my shoe, now and then feeling the edge with my thumb. Furtive glances were mine in abundance as they sidled by, and I heard one sister say:

"Just look at that wild cowboy; isn't he picturesque? He's whetting his knife, too—and that savage expression—I just know he's going to do something horribly wicked. Murder some one with that terrible knife, probably. Oh, Doctor," she continued, turning to an eminent divine in close proximity, "won't you please go and remonstrate with that benighted creature?"

The Doctor came, and from him and the aggregation that followed him the "benighted creature" got a dollar and a half of good United States.

In fact, the old fellow became so interested in some of my stories that he lost his train (which was the first section), and had to take the second. He made a game run for it (or pretended he did). I believe he wanted to shake his good dame for a brief space, anyway. Too late! The train disappeared in the distance, with his

wife waving and signaling frantically to him. I'll wager, from her gesticulations, that she wasn't singing, "Here we go around the bend, good-bye, my lover, good-bye."

In taking a short cut across the desert to Fort Wingate, an army post, I lost my way, and for more than an hour wandered about trying to regain it. When, however, I had abandoned hope of finding the fort, and was endeavoring to locate the railroad track again, I accidentally struck the trail which led me to the fort.

There I remained as the guest of an army officer until the morning of April 30th, when I left for Thoreau. When several miles east of Gaum, came upon an Indian and his boy harnessing their team of bronchos, preparatory to breaking camp. Imagine my surprise when within fifty yards of the wagon I saw a vicious-looking brute of a dog leap from under it and make for me on a dead run. He meant business, too. But "lor chile!" I had become so accustomed to dogs on this journey that unless he was at least the size of a yearling calf he held out no terrors.

Fortunately he was caught just right on the point of the jaw, with an uppercut delivered with my boot. I thought that dog never was going to stop turning somersaults backwards.

When he did finally land, however, he tucked his tail between his legs and scooted. Guess he's running yet; at any rate he was when last seen. The strange part of it was that neither of the Indians made the slightest attempt to arrest the brute when he was running towards

me, but when they saw Fido describing a series of hyperbolical paraboloids they both laughed very heartily.

In Thoreau there were quite a number of Navajo Indians gathered at the store, and among them was one of the most expert silversmiths of the tribe. While there he turned in a dozen souvenir silver spoons, hammered from Mexican silver dollars.

The merchant told me that all the silversmiths of the tribe belong to one family. The smith then ordered two cans of cherries and a bag of ginger cakes, and he, his squaw and an invited guest, a young buck, all squatted on the floor for the feast. The men were each armed with a spoon with which they fished out the cherries. Did the squaw have a spoon?

Nay, nay; there's nothing like that in the Indian's family.

She sat by her lord and master waiting patiently for the Great Spirit to move a cherry her way, which wasn't very often.

That night I slept in the store on a couch constructed of those Navajo blankets which this tribe of Indians are so skilful in weaving.

On May first, in the walk to Grants, New Mexico, I crossed the Continental Divide, which is something like seven thousand feet above the sea level. The following day made Laguna, where one of the largest and most interesting of the pueblos is situated.

Left Laguna May fourth in fine spirits, intending to pass the night at Rio Puerco. Early in the day the fickle goddess called "Luck" played me false; the oper-

ator with whom I intended lunching was in Albuquerque. Nothing was dreamed of but a hearty reception from the agent at Rio Puerco, for I carried a letter of introduction from a friend of his. However, as I neared the station, having completed, as I thought, the fastest day's walk of the journey, thirty-two miles in eight hours, a "greaser" was observed sitting on a hand-car.

"Where are you going?" he asked in fairly good English.

"I'm on a walk from San Francisco to New York City," was the reply.

"Keep moving, then," was his rejoinder.

"I don't want to walk the entire distance in one day, partner; I intend to spend the night here and continue to-morrow."

"You can't stop here to-night," he said, "for I have strict orders to keep every one moving on the right of way."

I then went to the agent with my letter of introduction from his friend, and would have fixed matters all right had not his wife, with several dirty brats at her heels and one in her arms, "butted in."

"No," she snapped, "you cannot stop here. Why don't you work for your living like decent people?"

Saw that her case called for heroic treatment.

"Madam," said I, "I don't ask for anything to eat, although thirty-two miles have been covered since breakfast, but I do ask that you allow me to remain in the station until morning. It is eleven miles to Sandia and I'm tired and hungry and in no condition to cover the distance in darkness.

"The Creator, madam," I continued, "hath made the world and the people thereon, and He in his wisdom, to avoid monotony, constituted men differently. We have the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish; the fools are subdivided into harmless fools, vicious fools, and darned fools, and I am unfortunately lined up with the last.

"Who knows, madam," with a dramatic gesture, "but that the very babe nestling at your bosom may be, in the future, in need of shelter and food? Who knows but that he may be a wanderer over this very desert, tired, hungry and—".

"He ain't going to be no bum, so there !" she retorted.

The spiteful old cat jumped out of the office as suddenly as she had popped in.

The two deputy sheriffs, after the disastrous ending of my peroration, escorted me to the bridge and said "hike !"

Ere two miles had been covered it became pitch dark. The section men had been aligning the track and had stakes driven on each side and in the center of it, which stood sufficiently high for me to dash my feet against them. When the next siding was reached I decided to await the rising of the moon at twelve o'clock. To add to my discomfort the canteen was empty and I was nearly famished for water. Owing to the trouble at the station I had forgotten to refill it. My leggings and shoes were removed, and with the knapsack on the ground for a pillow, I endeavored to cover a six-foot carcass with a four-foot mackintosh. Was awakened




FAC-SIMILES EN ROUTE.

by a Santa Fe freight pulling in on the siding. I knew it was then twelve, for there was a big moon rising apparently out of the desert. Was so cold that it was impossible for me to lace the shoes and leggings. I climbed into the engine and took a good long pull of ice water, sucked through a glass tube from a keg, and then related to the engineer the adventure at Rio Puerco.

"Pretty tough, old man," he said, "we'll take you into Albuquerque if you care to ride."

I did not for two good reasons. Primarily, I started to walk to New York, and riding would not be walking.

Then, again, since leaving Los Angeles, I had kept a daily stamped record, signed by the agent at each station on the Santa Fe, certifying that he saw me walk into and from his station. Any one following the record closely would detect the flaw in the record—sixty-six miles being an almost impossible day's walk in the desert.

After the Limited passed the journey was continued to Sandia, which was reached in the early morning. At eight A. M. the pedestrian was aroused by a "rapping, a gentle tapping at my chamber (a box-car) door." A member of a well-drilling crew did the rapping. I repaired to the cook-car where a good meal was disposed of, and it tasted mighty good, for I hadn't eaten a morsel for twenty-six hours.

On the afternoon of May fifth, walked into Albuquerque, and one of the first people I laid eyes on was "Chicago", the boy who attended the bargain sale in Los Angeles. He had received a postal dated April

twenty-second from Flagstaff, which told him I was up with my schedule. He had stopped off that morning, on his way to the "Windy City," expressly to see me.

Called at the office of the Albuquerque Morning Journal and quote in part from their write-up:

"Michael Garber Harman, who is on his way across the continent from San Francisco to New York on foot, is in the city and will remain for a few days.

"He made the trip to this point from Los Angeles in thirty-four days, which is a most remarkable feat of pedestrianism when one considers that he is a tall, slightly-built Virginian who has previously confined himself to the practice of law and newspaper work."

Called upon the superintendent of the Albuquerque division of the Santa Fe.

"Mr. Harman," he said, "I want to congratulate you on reaching Albuquerque in safety. I expected every day to hear of your being knocked on the head and killed. The whole road is lined with desperate characters, owing to the recent strike troubles."

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Shepherd, that you knew where I was each day of the journey?" I replied.

"Most assuredly. Every agent was instructed to report to me not only your arrival, but also your departure. A railroad superintendent should keep posted about every one on the right of way."

My idea was to get a letter from him which would insure me a more cordial reception from the deputy sheriffs than that received at Rio Puerco. However, he declined, giving as his reason that neither he per-

sonally nor the road cared to encourage a journey fraught with so many dangers.

During my stay in Albuquerque I was the guest of the Alvarado hotel, which is by far the most impressive structure in the city. The building is three hundred feet long, and of the Spanish Mission style of architecture. In the curio room is to be seen the finest collection of Indian relics and products in the West.

May ninth, when walking into Los Cerrillos, N. M., I was greeted by a man that I had formerly met in Azusa, Cal. Tim and I held a conference with the following results:

"That an outfit, to be known as the Arizona Limited Express, be organized; the same to be taken through to the World's Fair, and from thence to New York; that only jackasses be connected with the said Arizona Limited Express in any capacity; that Tim attend to the mechanical engineering department; and the pedestrian assume the onerous responsibilities of conductor, grafter, and 'chief cook and bottle washer.'"

The assets of the Arizona Limited consisted of one dollar and twenty-three cents and a few carpenter's tools owned by the aforesaid Tim. No better place could have been found to fit out an expedition of this kind. Los Cerrillos was once a very prosperous town, the center of an active mining district, but owing to a strike, which had extended over a period of several years, it was almost deserted. Junk of every description was scattered over the town.

In a reconnoissance I found a fairly good pair of wheels on an axle, the remains of a spring wagon. They

were appropriated to form the nucleus. Then the pole was dug up, trimmed and fitted to the axle. We made a good set of whiffletrees from shovel handles which we wired together and to the axle. Goods boxes furnished ample material for the cart's body.

The next thing, and a very important one, was the motive power for the prairie schooner. A man gave me a spotted burro (called pinta in New Mexico) provided he could be found.

We searched very diligently for *our* burro over the adjoining hills for several hours, but the pinta must have received a Marconi, for it was entirely in vain. However a local physician swapped us a brown jinny for two carpenters' planes, and a saw was traded a Mexican for a mouse-colored burro. We were next stared in the face with the harness proposition. A large roll of old rubber belting was discovered at the mill, from which, with the aid of straps, buckles, et cetera, picked up here and there, two sets of breast-strap harness were made, which we padded with sheepskin. The bits of the bridles were of twisted wire; the blinds, of the uppers of old shoes; and clothesline rope served us for checks.

From her contrary disposition and because her smashing propensities were so beautifully developed, the brown jinny was dubbed Carrie Nation; the mouse-colored jack received the appellation Mark Twain, named for a particular friend of mine.

San Francisco, 1,422 miles—2,288 miles New York.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DEPARTURE FROM LOS CERRILLOS.

Apache Cañon in the Glorieta Mountains—Stranded in the Desert at Blanchard—The Triangular Express—Surprised in Another Quarter by Carrie and Mark—Las Vegas—Teddy Roosevelt Joins the Limited—The Camp at the "Lake"—A Visitation From the Stork—Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts—The Plot Thickens—Grover Cleveland and Joan of Arc Added to the Cast.

A goodly portion of the town's inhabitants congregated to see us make the start, and kindly remembered to bring some useful articles along. For sometime we were kept busy storing away knives, forks, a pan, kettle, meat, coffee, sugar and various other necessities. One of the residents had a hotel that wasn't working, and his donation was two army blankets and a quilt. One young man brought a star-spangled banner. With the same floating to the breeze, and amid the cheers and best wishes of those kind, hospitable westerners, the prairie schooner weighed anchor and sailed out of the harbor of Cerrillos on its long and adventurous cruise to New York City.

In the afternoon of May 13th we traveled in the Glorieta mountains and words are inadequate to express the wretchedness of the road. It was fearfully rocky and some of the ascents were almost perpendicular, requiring the combined efforts of all the members of the Limited to get the schooner to the top. The

camp was made in Apache cañon, a beautiful spot near a well, where we had an abundance of firewood and good water.

During the night we were surrounded by a pack of coyotes which rendered the night hideous with their infernal cries. They were very bold, and on several occasions came within ten feet of our bed.

We passed Pecos, four miles from which are situated the ruins of the ancient Aztec city where Montezuma is said to have been born. Sunday afternoon, May fifteenth, we came to a small town called Ribera, situated in a fertile valley.

We filled our water vessels, as we contemplated camping at Blanchard where there was no water. It was only a side-track for the Sante Fe. The camp was pitched in a cluster of scrub pines (a cheerful one it was) with a big blazing camp fire and Tim and me lolling around on the blankets; we smoked our pipes and dreamed dreams of the future, with no premonition of the catastrophe that was hovering over us.

The next morning, while I was cooking breakfast, Tim came rushing into camp bearing the fearful tidings that:

*AT THE DEAD HOUR OF NIGHT AND UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS CARRIE NATION HAD ELOPED WITH MARK TWAIN! !*

We were in quite a predicament; camped six miles from water, very little food on hand and with less than a dollar in the exchequer, and our motive power gone off on a lark. Both Tim and I were of the opinion

that Mark Twain would never have dreamt of leaving his kind masters had he not been seduced by Carrie Nation. Tim started for Ribera, thinking that they had probably taken the back track to water, while I scoured the adjoining woods in search of the recreants. My search was in vain, and upon returning to camp I observed the westbound California Limited pull into the siding to let the eastbound pass. Three gentlemen and a lady, who were standing on the platform of the observatory car, were astonished to see a tall apparition in an outlandish costume emerge from a cluster of pines, carrying a tin pail in one hand and a coffee pot in the other, and charge the train on a dead run. However a few words sufficed to explain to the California Limited the unlucky situation of the Arizona Limited. One of the gentlemen had the porter fill both vessels with fresh water. Then the said apparition produced several souvenirs, which he disposed of for two bits each.

Tim returned to camp late in the afternoon with no tidings of the straying burros. The country was inhabited by Mexicans whose reply to every inquiry was, "no savvy." This made the search doubly hard. Not until noon the next day were Carrie and Mark found, grazing on the banks of the river nine miles from camp.

When preparing to break camp at Blanchard a strange cavalcade arrived there. In the van was a covered wagon driven by a woman, and to it was hooked an aged pair of white mules; strung out behind the wagon for a hundred yards were fourteen specimens of

horseflesh—the poorest I ever saw. A man and woman on horseback formed the rear guard. The man said:

"My wife, sister-in-law and myself have been on the road for two years. When Henry county, Missouri, is reached this summer our travels will have constituted a complete triangle, the three sides of which, from Missouri to Seattle—from the latter point to Los Angeles—and from the last-named city to Missouri, equal an aggregate of more than six thousand miles."

"I trade horses," he continued, "and my wife and sister-in-law make wire jewelry which they dispose of in the small towns *en route.*"

We very gladly abandoned Blanchard to the Triangular Express, pushed on to within eight miles of Las Vegas, and camped near the Mexican settlement called Ticolote. Before retiring to the luxurious couch of pine boughs, I carefully set the breakfast under a nearby pine tree. At daybreak my slumbers were disturbed by a noise in close proximity, and on peeping over the blanket what do you suppose was the tableau presented to view? Mark Twain was playing roly-poly with a can of syrup in his endeavor to master the combination to the top; Carrie Nation, the old bat, was standing with both front feet on my sombrero and chewing the dish rag. They had eaten the oatmeal, box and all, the loaf of bread, mouthed the meat, and turned over the coffee pot. The consequences were that the trip into Las Vegas was made on empty stomachs, but the conductor and engineer found consolation in an excellent meal upon their arrival.

A liveryman kindly took care of the team for us during our stay, and we occupied the hay-mow. In the evening we ate dinner at the Plaza, and the following morning lined up at the festive board of the Castaneda. The breakfast was a dandy. For mortals following the ordinary vocations of life to have consumed the food would have been an impossibility. The menu consisted of oatmeal and cream, cornbeef hash and two poached eggs, a sirloin steak, frog legs on toast, buckwheat cakes, and a pot of coffee.

Tim, against the advice of every one consulted, traded our wheels for a lighter set; I was at the time skeptical about their being able to stand the wear and tear of the rough western roads.

The Limited reached Watrus, N. M., May twentieth, and you can imagine our surprise at finding the Triangular Express encamped at the stream just east of the town. We had intended stopping only for luncheon, but six burros were seen grazing along the east bank of the stream.

"Tim," said I, "don't you think that handsome drab-colored burro would make a good leader for Carrie and Mark?"

"Splendid," was the reply.

Grabbing a rope and followed by Tim and the boss of the Triangular, who assisted me in cornering the bunch, I succeeded in lassoing the jack. Then the fun began. He was a magnificent specimen of the burro about three years old, and evidently had never been handled before. 'Round and 'round he went kicking

up his heels and braying, with Tim and me both swinging on for dear life. Finally we managed to get him to a tree where he was tied securely. He was such a strenuous bit of mule flesh that he was named Teddy Roosevelt. The remainder of the day was spent in manufacturing for the latest acquisition a new set of harness. During the afternoon two boys visited the camp and one of them claimed Teddy as his property, alleging that he was a present to him from his uncle but as the burro was so wild he had turned him loose in the desert.

Everyone was very busy all the afternoon. Goheim had traded four of his old plugs for a sorrel stallion that had never had a strap on him, and he was engaged in making a contrivance with which to tether him; Tim worked all the afternoon on Teddy's harness; the ladies were making wire jewelry; and I was making goo-goo eyes at the sister-in-law.

We attempted a short cut to Raton which resulted very disastrously. After wandering over the plains of New Mexico for the greater part of three days we arrived much to our chagrin in Wagon Mound, the point we intended avoiding. We had driven forty miles to accomplish twenty-five, the distance by the regular trail. The journey, however, was not without incidents, some of them anything but pleasant. Saturday, May twenty-first, the Limited broke camp and started for Springer, via Old Fort Union, an abandoned army post, where we arrived at noon.

Soon after leaving the fort our troubles began; every few miles the road would fork and it was an



THREE JACKS.

impossibility for a stranger to determine the correct route; we could only guess and as luck would have it, in one instance we guessed wrong. After travelling several miles on the wrong trail a native directed us to the lake where we were to camp. I hurried on ahead of the schooner, for an electric storm was brewing; something unusual for New Mexico. Made the "beautiful lake" just as the shades of night were falling, and was disgusted to find a muddy, stagnant pool of water, with a dead cow standing in the middle of it. The poor brute had evidently stuck in the mud when she went in to drink, and being unable to extricate herself had died in her tracks. As the brink was reached a flock of wild ducks arose with a squawk and disappeared in the gathering darkness. Then a silence and gloom settled over that desolate spot, the most desolate I had ever seen, occasionally broken by the distant roll of thunder and flashes of lightning. I was rudely awakened to our serious predicament by a few drops of rain; we hadn't anticipated it and were caught thoroughly unprepared. Found two 'dobe walls standing on the bank of the pool, and in the angle I decided to camp, for I knew they would afford us some protection from the wind and rain.

Some wood was hurriedly gathered and when Tim arrived a bright camp fire was burning. While he unhitched the burros and hobbled them I put some chipped beef and coffee on the fire for supper. Just before the chipped beef and flour gravy was done Tim, while driving a stake in the 'dobe wall, over which he intended spreading some canvas to afford protection from the

rain, dislodged a lump of 'dobe the size of a man's fist, and splash! it fell into the skillet. All we had for supper was coffee and some stale bread.

The entire outfit, horse, foot and dragoons, could have been purchased for fifteen cents that night. I seriously doubt if there were two more wretched mortals in the whole world. For seven long hours the travellers sat huddled together wrapped in two army blankets, tired, hungry, cold and so drenched that the water was running down their spinal columns in continuous rivulets. The rain ceased in the early morning and we rolled up in our wet blankets and slept soundly until daylight.

While I prepared breakfast Tim went in search of the burros. He returned shortly, carrying in his arms a queer little long-eared brute, closely followed by Carrie Nation, the proud mother. He was the cutest little devil you ever saw; a jack, brown like his mother and with a snow-white belly. The youngster was, of course, the centre of attraction, and when Teddy in a very gentlemanly manner went up to look him over and offer Carrie hearty congratulations, the old hag responded with a resounding whack in his short ribs. He was given the euphonious appellation of Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts.

Had we been in a good camping place the whole day would have been spent in rest, but we made a short move in the afternoon.

We hauled the baby in the wagon and Carrie followed along behind. The day following the advent of

Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts we met a rancher who invited us to dinner, and afterwards accompanied us in search of another burro. We shanghaied a jinny, about the size and color of Teddy, with a beautiful little jinny colt by her side, possibly a week old; she was a beauty, nearly white with black trimmings. The mother was named Grover Cleveland—old Grover always was right much of an old woman—and the colt was called Joan of Arc.

In a couple of hours we had the extra set of harness made, and we hooked up the four—the two old dames Carrie and Grover at the wheels and, in the lead, Teddy and Mark. The time we had getting them started! Grover was continually braying for Joan of Arc and Carrie wanted to go by the shortest route to her baby Epaminondas who was jumping about the prairie like a jack rabbit, having just found out what his legs were for, and the leaders several times became entangled in the whiffletrees. However, we finally got the team strung out and headed for Wagon Mound which we reached late in the afternoon.

San Francisco, 1,569 miles—2,141 miles New York.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE NEW BOSS OF THE LIMITED.

The Trail Lost Again—Through Raton Pass—An Encounter With a Bear—The Photographs of the Limited—Encounter the Triangular Express for the Last Time—The Bloom Cattle Company's Ranch—A Serious Predicament—'Twas Solomon Who Said, "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child"—La Junta.

May twenty-fourth, we travelled to Springer, a distance of twenty-three miles; considering that the team was practically unbroken and the age of the babies, we did splendidly. Do you want to know who was the real boss of the Limited? Why the baby, of course, Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts.

He was just like any other baby, his every whim had to be humored. On becoming leg weary he refused to travel; the schooner would be halted, a nice couch constructed out of blankets and comforts, and the young gentleman laid very gently thereon, where he'd rest calmly and snooze peacefully—just like any other baby. The journey was resumed very carefully, and all the large stones and ruts were avoided in order not to disturb the slumbers of the young autocrat, until—presto change! Stop! hold on!—put on the brakes—whoa! the conductor would yell, all the time a frantic struggle going on between him and the youthful Epaminondas.

"What's the matter?" the engineer would ask, at the same time putting on the emergency brake and coming to a sudden halt.

"Epaminondas wants his dinner; that's all," would be the reply.

There you are again; he's just like any other baby. When he wants his dinner he wants it because he wants it, and if it isn't given him forthwith and immediately if not sooner the very old Harry is to pay.

The conductor at this time felt the heavy responsibility laid upon him, and he hoped he'd prove worthy of the great trust, and that Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts would grow up to be a true jackass in every sense of the word; a credit to his guardian and instructor, and a comfort to his mother Carrie. Selah.

On leaving Springer we very foolishly chose the wrong road which was not ascertained until several miles had been traversed. We endeavored to regain the main trail by cutting across country, which only made bad matters worse, for we never recovered the trail until we reached Raton. Several times our passage was barred by barb-wire fences, but fortunately we had a pair of wire pliers; we simply cut the fences and after passing through repaired them.

The "Raton Range" commented on the Limited's visit as follows:

"Michael Garber Harman, a gentleman who grew weary of the limited exercise afforded by a walk round the corner to his meals, or of walking under shelter when it rained, decided to take a hike across the continent for a change. So he left San Francisco with a three-cent piece, an extra collar and a cheerful countenance; he arrived in Raton with the same shirt and the

same cheerful countenance, but the three-cent piece went to buy calves' liver one day when he felt like eating something. On his journey he now and then 'acquired' a burro, until when he reached Raton he had four of the long-eared species attached to a cart."

As the desert was left behind after we passed into Colorado, I quote what Mr. Chas. F. Lummis, an authority, says of it:

"As I have more than once written (and it never yet has been controverted), probably no other equal area on earth contains so many supreme marvels of so many kinds—so many astounding sights, so many masterpieces of Nature's handiwork, so vast and conclusive an encyclopædia of the world-building processes, such impressive monuments of prehistoric man, so many triumphs of man still in the tribal relation—as what I have called the Southwestern Wonderland. This includes a large part of New Mexico and Arizona, the area which geographically and ethnographically we may count as the Grand Cañon region."

May twenty-eighth the journey was through the Raton mountains, a spur of the Rockies. The scenery in the pass was wild, rugged and very beautiful and the trip proved thoroughly enjoyable. It was to be a long time ere we encountered another range of mountains. The next to be travelled were in far off Pennsylvania—the Alleghanies. We halted at Dick Wooton's abandoned house near the summit long enough to explore it. Here, for years, that veteran collected toll from every schooner, stage and cavalcade bound for the West.

In the afternoon, when nearing the Colorado line, I had walked some distance ahead of the team and on rounding a sharp curve came suddenly upon a bear. He was just in the act of crossing the trail when he espied the pedestrian. Now if I was a mighty hunter like our honored President, the only T. R., I'd write:

"When bruin observed me he arose on his hind quarters, and with a mighty growl, rushed to the encounter. I coolly and calmly awaited the assault. When sufficiently close for me to feel the bear's hot breath fan my cheek, I raised my deadly rifle, glanced down the glittering barrel, took unerring aim at his bloodshot eye and fired. Bruin fell pierced through the brain.

"Then I boldly walked up, placed the stock of my rifle on the ground, grasped the barrel firmly with the right hand, and with the left foot on the carcass, adjusted my eye-glasses, grinned and rang for the photographer."

Or if a Nature Faker it would be about like this:

"With a terrible roar (both roaring) we rushed to the fearful encounter; after a sanguinary conflict lasting thirty minutes (taking out for the intermission when one or the other called 'time'), I managed to break the bear's strangle holt and, getting my famous tail grip, dashed his brains out against an adjoining tree. Though my clothes were torn to tatters, my flesh clawed to ribbons and I bleeding from every pore, I cut his throat, skinned him, cut off a piece of his meat, and had fresh bear steak for supper."

But as a matter of fact, I ran like the devil and so did the bear. I venture to say that neither the famous hunter nor the Nature Faker could have distinguished himself more in making tracks than did we, the bear and myself.

We were both bent on putting as much daylight as possible between us, and in the shortest time.

May twenty-ninth, Trinidad, Colorado, was made and the camp was pitched in a beautiful grove of trees, bounded on one side by a stream. Having saved a few dollars, I had a photographer take some pictures of the Limited. One represents the whole outfit, all looking their sweetest and best; the calm, dignified demeanor of Grover Cleveland was very marked, and the solicitude of the young mother, Carrie Nation, was really touching to a degree. This picture was traded or sold as:

*A RARE COLLECTION OF ASSES.*

In the other I was the central figure; on my knees, with one arm encircling Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts and Joan of Arc with the other. This picture was called: THREE JACKS.

East of Trinidad the Limited encountered the Triangular Express again. Ever since the first meeting at Blanchard there was quite a rivalry existing as to the relative speed merits of the two expresses. The question had been debated more than once around the camp fire. When the Triangular forged ahead, Goheim, shaking me by the hand, would say:

"It's good-bye, this time, for sure; it is too much to expect those little jack rabbits of yours to keep pace with my horses."

Whenever the Limited repassed them, Tim and I were always particular to bid all the members a final adieu.

"Your horses can travel faster than the burros," I would say, "but you are obliged to stop and rest your animals, while we travel seven days a week."

When they met again the leader always had some hard luck story to tell, which accounted for his slow progress.

Epaminondas refused to ride after he reached the age of four days, and Joan of Arc always scorned the schooner as a means of transportation.

At Thatcher we camped on the Bloom Cattle Company's ranch, which is one of the largest in the West. We arose at the break of day, and ate breakfast with thirty-five cowboys around an immense camp-fire. We had steak, liver and bacon, coffee, and bread baked in a Dutch oven. The cowboys had been engaged in rounding up several thousand head of wild horses. They brand the colts, catch what saddlers they want, and turn the remainder loose on the range. Each cowboy requires five saddlers. The company had on their range fourteen thousand head of cattle and two thousand horses.

The expected happened four miles from the station called Bloom, while travelling a hillside road which had been badly washed by recent rains. Our left wheel

on the schooner went down. Tim made a trip to the woods and cut eight cedar saplings which were used to brace the wheel on each side of the hub.

"Now," said Tim, "the wheel is stronger than when it came from the factory."

I had my serious doubts about it, however, and said nothing. They held for just one mile when down it went again; for keeps this time—the spokes having broken off in the hub.

"Tim," said I, "we are in a bad predicament. If no wheels can be procured in Bloom, I'll return to Trinidad and have Goheim bring a pair out with him."

In about ten minutes I returned to the schooner with a buggy wheel under each arm. If the angel Gabriel had descended and, placing one foot firmly upon the water and the other on the land, had sounded those clarion notes calling forth sinners to repentance, the surprise on Tim's face couldn't have been greater or more ludicrous. 'Twas truly remarkable that within a hundred yards of the breakdown an old buggy had been found which had been demolished in a runaway, and the rear wheels the only parts any good. They were tried on our axles and wouldn't fit. What next? It is all very simple if you know how. A surgical operation was performed on all four wheels, the boxings of the old ones were inserted in the ones we had found and, after bracing them on each side with the saplings, the Limited resumed the even tenor of its way.

We were now travelling in a beautiful farming country, rendered so by irrigation. What a treat it was to



A RARE COLLECTION OF ASSES—TRINIDAD, COLORADO.

travel again in a country alive with Nature, after so many hundreds of miles over the wastes of the Great American Desert!

Epaminondas-Alcibaides-Pytts inherited at least one of the objectionable qualities of his eccentric mother, Carrie Nation.

I mean the contrariness, do-as-I-want-or-not-at-all attribute, which the old hag had developed so remarkably. Joan of Arc, Epaminondas and myself walked immediately behind the schooner, forming a sort of rear guard as it were. In case any pots, pans or kettles, or any of the miscellaneous articles with which the said schooner abounded, were jarred loose while she sallied joyously over the bounding prairie, we would be Johnny on the spot to pick them up. Now Joan of Arc, like the little lady she was, no matter how tired, trotted by my side contentedly; but not so the juvenile Master Pytts, who had grown very worldly-wise in his twelve days on terra firma.

"What's the use," he soliloquized, "in my piking directly behind that crazy rig all day, and having that long-tall gazabo punch me in the short ribs whenever he feels like it, and with that little stuck up thing, Joan, too? She told me that her mother (Grover Cleveland) told her not to get too intimate with me because my mother wasn't nice, but was a masher or smasher I forget which. Besides when a choice bit of thistle is seen growing on the roadside, I can try my new teeth thereon. What's the odds, Bill, anyway?"

It all happened by my catching Master Pytts star gazing, one day, fifty yards in the rear of the schooner. Upon my hallooing for him to come on he deliberately planted himself firmly in the center of the highway, lopped his ears in a most insolent manner and refused to budge, as much as to say:

*"I'll come when I get d—— good and ready."*

We continued for several hundred yards thinking he'd follow, but on looking back found he hadn't changed his position.

The Limited was halted and the pedestrian was appointed a committee of one to return and *persuade* the young Master Pytts to rejoin us. When I arrived within fifty yards of him he started back to New Mexico.

"All right," his movement indicated, "I'll cut loose from this bunch of bums and shift for myself. To the land of my birth will I go, where society is not so exclusive nor masters so exacting."

However, with the kind assistance of some people who helped me corner the young rascal, his bright and ingenious scheme was nipped in the bud. I forthwith proceeded to make preparations to persuade our young friend to return to his first love. A halter was made from some tar rope, and slipped over his head; then four long, tough and keen switches were cut from a neighboring tree.

Had a moving-picture apparatus and a phonograph both been in operation while the *persuading* process was being enacted, my future, that is financially, would

have been assured. Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts was a very busy little jackass for a few minutes. Very busy, indeed; in fact he performed prodigies. He broke the half-mile record for the ass, he invented divers plunges, leaps and jumps hitherto unknown to the species, and as for music, he emitted every note known to the "Tennessee Mocking Bird" from high C down to "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

June fourth we arrived in La Junta and immediately plunged into the gayeties of a street fair which was in progress there.

We did quite a nice business selling our photographs.

San Francisco, 1,754 miles—1,956 miles New York.

## CHAPTER X.

### CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE YOUTHFUL NATIVES.

The Strenuous Life *a la* T. Roosevelt, Esq.—Caught in a Storm—Over the Kansas Line—Joan Hearkens to the Young Scamp and Philosopher Epaminondas—Goodbye to the Prairie Dogs—Ignorance Displayed by the Residents Concerning the Roads—The Limited Suffers a Deep Bereavement—A Narrow Escape—Raided by Stranded Harvesters—Hutchinson.

Sunday, June fourth, the camp was made near Las Animas. While Tim was unhitching the burros and I unpacking the cooking utensils and dishes, a bunch of boys from the neighborhood arrived at the camp and were greatly interested in the burros, especially the young ones.

"Now, Clarence," said I, singling out a youngster and putting a tin pail in his hand, "go and tell mamma that there are two real nice men camped on the roadside who would like some milk—fresh-from-the-cow preferred—for their coffee and oatmeal."

"And you, Reginald, see if mother hasn't a few fresh eggs she can spare in the glass bowl on the cupboard; and Percy," I continued, addressing another hopeful, "take a scout around the pantry and bring any choice morsel that may grow stale if not consumed before morning—anything, Percy, like pies, cakes or tarts will be most acceptable."

"As for the rest of you boys, two can bring some water, and the remainder wood for the camp-fire. Then you'll have the entire evening to admire Epaminondas and Joan."

Shortly Clarence arrived with some milk, Reginald with eight eggs, and Percy brought an apple pie almost as large as his diminutive self. Out of such raw material a most palatable supper was concocted of eggs scrambled in new milk, bread, coffee and the pie for dessert. During the evening a number of the relatives of our juvenile friends came to the camp, to view the wonderful aggregation of asses from the far West.

The next morning I awoke with a severe attack of lumbago, contracted from sleeping on the damp ground which, coupled with the sore Achilles tendon in the left heel, almost had the walker incapacitated; however, I managed to limp along, with the aid of a cane, twenty-two miles to the Dudley ranch.

If the strenuous life, as advocated by the Honorable T. Roosevelt, Esq., has for its foundation stone the word "action"—something doing every minute—then we were certainly the leading exponents of it in those days. I am going to particularize on one day's journey of nineteen miles, which will give a fair idea of the immense amount of work this going to housekeeping and breaking up every day entailed. It's astonishing.

6:30 P. M. The Limited arrived at the Dudley ranch.

To 7 P. M. Tim unhitched, hobbled and fed the burros, while I unpacked the cooking utensils, dishes and provisions and went to the well for water.

To 8 P. M. We gathered the wood, made the fire, washed the dishes and cooked supper.

To 8.30 P. M. The supper was disposed of.

To 9 P. M. The dishes were again washed and every thing stored carefully for the night.

To 9.15 P. M. The bed was made on the ground alongside the schooner.

9.30 P. M. Taps.

4.30 A. M. Reveille (a duet by Mrs. Nation and Grover Cleveland).

To 5 A. M. Cooking utensils and dishes again unpacked and fire made.

To 6.30 A. M. Breakfast cooked—eaten—dishes rewashed and schooner packed.

To 7 A. M. Team hitched up.

7.15 A. M. Camp broke.

To 11.30 A. M. Ten miles accomplished. The burros unhitched, harness removed, and each given a quart of oats. A fire lighted, coffee made for luncheon, dishes again washed and re-packed.

2 P. M. The journey resumed.

6 P. M. Made camp two miles east of Lamar.

A right strenuous program for twenty-four hours per day and seven days per week.

June ninth we travelled to Holly where we made ourselves perfectly at home in an empty Santa Fe boxcar on the siding near the station. The railroad likewise figured in the entertainment of the burros, for they occupied one of the company's bull pens.

Eight miles east of Holly we came to a stream which above the ford widens into quite a body of water. Into

the very center of it did Epaminondas lead Joan of Arc, where they halted.

"Now, Joan, we'll make those bums wade in after us," said Master Pytts in the burro dialect, "for it's perfectly outrageous at our tender age to be compelled to walk every day. Why the day I was born they threw me into the schooner and hauled and jostled me about until my poor mother Carrie Nation was distracted with grief. And ere you, Joan, were five days old the skates shanghaied both you and your mother, and none of us will ever see dear old New Mexico again."

We hallooed, coaxed and threw stones, but the little asses refused to budge.

Epaminondas continued, "See the long, tall one in the long, tall hat throw stones, Joan—how cleverly I dodged that one—and isn't he mad though? Look at the other one swear and fume; it's better than a play. Now the tall one is wading in after us and see the water come up around his knees. Oh! Joan, he has that blacksnake whip, too—don't let him get within striking distance darling, or we'll be murdered. Never, if I live to be a thousand, will that lambasting he gave me in Colorado be forgotten."

The Limited reached Syracuse, Kansas, at sundown on the seventeenth of June, and, as usual, quite a crowd collected.

The proprietor of a hotel, with a long spinach on his chin, inquired:

"Have you boys had supper?"

"No," I answered.

"Take the burros 'round to the stable and come to the hotel," he replied, "for you two are about the biggest pair of fools that ever passed through Syracuse, and I want the honor of entertaining you during your stay."

We had seen the last of the prairie dogs. For hundreds and hundreds of miles these little fellows had furnished diversion for me. On arriving at the outskirts of a dog town the marshal (there is always one or more on guard), sitting on the rim of his dwelling, registered his most emphatic disapproval of the invasion of the sacred precincts of the city by a vigorous barking. When within about fifty yards of the marshal he would disappear, and the last glimpse of Mr. Prairie Dog, as he disappeared down his hole, showed a defiant shake of his bushy tail which said all too plainly, "Catch me if you can." However he doesn't stay down long, for in a few minutes he will bob up again, having made his way through one of their innumerable subterranean passages (the ground in a prairie dog town is a veritable honeycomb) and continue his barking.

The prairie dog is an extremely wary animal. As he sits perched on the rim of his hole he invariably tumbles into it when shot. I investigated the prevalent but erroneous impression that the prairie dog, owl, and rattlesnake occupy amicably the same apartment. 'Tis true that an owl is frequently seen sitting on the ground close to a prairie dog's hole, but it is an abandoned hole. It is also true that the rattlesnake is often seen in the vicinity of a dog town, but Mr. Rattlesnake is there for a purpose, and a deadly one too. On the menu a young

prairie dog occupies the same relative position to the rattlesnake as does the diamond-back terrapin, the gem of the Chesapeake, to the Metropolitan clubman. On the approach of their deadly enemy Mr. and Mrs. Prairie Dog skiddoo, leaving the children to be devoured by the reptile. Should Mr. Rattlesnake, however, after the custom of snakes, take his after-dinner siesta, the chances are he will have paid dearly for his meal. The bereaved relatives and friends of the young dogs, knowing this weakness of the reptile, set to work energetically to close every avenue of escape, and Mr. Rattlesnake awakes to find himself entombed alive and rattles his life away in impotent rage.

One night, near Garden City, our bed was made under a big tree in the yard adjoining a ranch house. We were awakened in the night by a terrible wind and rain storm. The rain came down in torrents and before we could dress everything was soaking wet. By the aid of the almost continuous flashes of lightning we gained the shelter of the barn, where in the hay-mow, and wrapped in the wet blankets, the remainder of the night was passed.

June fourteenth, while travelling eastward by what was known as the prairie road, unluckily for us we met a cowboy who said there was no water to be had for fifteen miles and that we should take the trail via Pierceville. Imagine our dismay on reaching the town to ascertain that the cow puncher was mistaken about the scarcity of $H_2O$ on the prairie road, and that we had travelled six miles further than was necessary. A

cheering bit of news which had a tendency to sweeten the disposition of two of the members, at least, I don't think.

Really it was appalling, the ignorance the people displayed about the roads of their own community. One can readily understand how a man living in Kansas wouldn't know or be expected to know anything about the roads in Maine, but he should certainly be able to direct you intelligently in his own county.

Smith says go that way; Jones this way; Brown will tell you to go neither by Smith's nor Jones's route, but that his is the shortest and best. Smith will tell you there is heavy sand on Jones's road; Jones is positive that the schooner will go to pieces on Smith's rocky road; Jones and Smith will unite in condemning Brown's trail because of the hills. All three have lived in the county all their lives and travelled each of the roads not scores but hundred of times. There you are, make your choice; one is fine, the other two execrable. Is it any wonder that the Arizona Limited wandered around the prairies like the children of Israel in the wilderness?

On the trip to Howells we were again victimized by a rancher who misdirected us, and it was truly a tired aggregation that arrived there at ten o'clock P. M., especially the rear guard; I was still suffering a good deal with the sore ankle. We were too weary to cook any food, so, after feeding the burros, we munched at a loaf of bread and retired for the night.

Saturday, June eighteenth, we reached Dodge City, Kansas, where the Limited remained for a day as there was some repairing to be done to the schooner.

One morning near Mackville, Tim went in search of the burros and in a short time returned driving five ahead of him.

"Where's Mark Twain?" I inquired.

"I couldn't find him," answered Tim, "he must have strayed further than the others, or possibly some one has stolen him."

We were inclined to believe that the latter fate had befallen him as he was a kindly disposed brute and would allow anyone to do with him as he pleased; pull his ears and tail or tickle his heels, having a disposition essentially different from Teddy or Mrs. Nation. It must have happened about like this. Mark, no doubt, tired of feeding on insipid bluegrass and white clover, thought he'd cross the railroad track and search for a choice morsel of thistle, when his attention was attracted in the distance to what appeared to him to be a full, large, red desert moon.

Alas! poor Mark.

The mistake was fatal; he mistook an on-rushing headlight of the engine for the moon. We found him where he fell, with his back broken.

This was the noblest burro of them all.
All the others, save only he, did that they did, in envy of each other;
He, only, in a general honest thought and common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle and the cactus so mixed in him
That Nature might stand up and say to all the world,
This was an ASS!

So it devolved upon the strenuous Teddy alone to lead the two old dames and their babies across the plains of the Sunflower state.

One afternoon during a heavy rainstorm the Limited sought shelter under a tree. Situated at some little distance from us was a barn, and thinking it would afford better shelter Tim suggested that we go to it. However, I thought it better to remain with the team under the tree. Ten minutes later the barn was struck by lightning and entirely consumed. It certainly seems that we are guided by the kind hand of Providence in these matters, for repeatedly we had sought the shelter of barns in inclement weather and had never come to harm.

Near Hutchinson one morning, while cooking breakfast, we were raided by a band of stranded harvesters. These men had been lured to the rural districts of Kansas by vivid newspaper articles which promised large returns for being Knights of the Pitchfork for a brief space. However, it had been raining daily and the poor fellows had neither work nor money. Fifteen of them, desperate with hunger, surrounded our camp; and had I not once been, in my bright, brilliant and checkered career, a harvester myself, they'd have cleaned out the Limited, food, blankets, cooking utensils and all. No matter how low a man may fall there is generally a sense of gratitude left for one who tries to help him. I didn't wait for the men either to ask for or say they'd take something to eat, but took the initiative and invited them to breakfast. The larder of the

Limited was quite well supplied at the time, so I set the whole business before them and soon they had several camp-fires burning and were cooking bacon and eggs on tin and old shovels, and making coffee in tomato cans.

San Francisco, 2,104 miles—1,606 miles New York.

## CHAPTER XI.

MUD—MUD—MUD—WE WERE IN A STATE OF MUD.

A Credulous Rube—Newton—Repeated Breakdowns—A Night at "Clovercliff"—The Glorious Fourth—The Angel of Death Again Visits the Limited—Held Up in Quenimo by High Water—The Pedestrian Leaves the Schooner for a Time—Old Friends in Shawnee—Kansas City—Albertus Babe Kelley a Back-woods Philosopher and Hermit—A Hot Appetizer.

June twenty-eighth we arrived near Newton, Kansas, but how we got there is a muddy story, sure. For the week previous we were in mud and the mud in us; the Limited fairly revelled in mud—slept in mud—walked in mud—and ate in mud. There was mud in the blankets—mud in the cart, and Tim and I were cakes of mud.

We could no more avoid it than could the Egyptians escape from their plagues. What kind of mud was it? Kansas mud; the very stickiest, nastiest and blackest in the world, and why the State wasn't named mud I don't know. We met a man, who had mud in his head instead of brains. No? A fact, nevertheless. While slushing through the rain one afternoon, we met Steve Peppercorn driving west in a buckboard. He was so astonished at seeing such an aggregation on the highway, that he stopped and asked:

"Where are you going, partner, with them little asses?"

"We are travelling," answered I, "overland to St. Petersburg, in Russia, from Japan."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Steve, "that's furdern K. C. ain't it?"

"Yes," I continued, "about five hundred times as far. You know these are among the rarest animals in the world—Japanese mules they are, from the private stud of the Emperor of Japan. We are taking them as a present to the Czar."

"By Gosh!" ejaculated Steve.

We left him standing in the road with his mouth agape, swallowing Kansas rain, and trying to assimilate it all. Guess he'll be talking and telling his neighbors, "bout them Japanese mules what he saw," for the next decade.

Since Mark Twain had taken his unexpected departure for mule heaven we decided to replace the tongue in the schooner with a pair of shafts, and work the burros three abreast. Soon after we left Hutchinson we came to a grove of saplings opposite a farm. We pitched the camp, went into the woods and cut two saplings, and worked faithfully on the job the entire day, finishing at nightfall.

One night was passed in a man's corncrib where we afforded the rats and mice quite a diversion, for they were running and hurdling us all night long. June twenty-ninth the Limited managed to cover seventeen miles in ten hours, camped near a farm house where, as usual, the couch was made in the hay loft. Supposed when New York was reached, from continuous habit,

I'd seek out a livery stable instead of a hotel. On the road west of Florence the schooner sank in mud holes up to the axles three times. We sat on the roadside, patiently waiting for a team of horses to come along and extricate us. The burros are as game animals as ever looked through a collar, but because they are so diminutive, and possessed of such small feet, they'd sink right up to their bellies. We would unhitch them, one would grab the burro by the ears and the other catch him by the tail, and thus pull him out.

At this stage of the journey a good deal of time was consumed in repairing breakdowns. The schooner and harness were not made to withstand the many hard pulls and jerks to which they were subjected. We expected three or four repair jobs a day, but when it came to mending the strenuous Ted's trace or Carrie's breast yoke a dozen times, more or less, in a day's journey, it grew monotonous. We would never have gotten through without the baling wire and wire pliers—both were indispensable. The latter is the most useful little implement imaginable, not only for all kinds of repairing to both schooner and harness but also around the camp fire while cooking a meal it was a very handy tool to lift pots, pans and kettles on and off the fire.

One afternoon, after a hard day's travel, we hove in sight of a very beautiful place called "Clovercliff." It is an immense alfalfa ranch of many thousand acres. We found the people cultured and refined; they appreciated the novelty of the trip, and the whole family exerted themselves to make the Limited comfortable for one night at least.

While the "chief cook and bottle washer" made a fire preparatory to cooking supper the male member of the family, together with twenty or more farm hands, gathered to see how the trick was done.

We received donations of eggs, bread, milk and cake, and they seemed to enjoy the novelty hugely while we enjoyed the cake et cetera.

After supper Tim and I took a scout to see how the burros were faring. What do you think? In the first stall Teddy Roosevelt was occupying, mind you, a great big box stall alone, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality and chewing away at a bale of alfalfa about the size of himself. Carrie and her son Epaminondas were ensconced in the next, and the old lady was going for a bale as though her very life depended on its being consumed before morning. Epaminondas was rendering slight assistance by occasionally nibbling a few choice straws which ever and anon he'd wash down with a drink of milk. And what of old dame Grover? Had she upon entering her apartment with Joan lapsed into innocuous desuetude?" Not much. They were industriously engaged on a bale of the same brand.

July third, after accomplishing eight miles, a heavy rain set in, and on arriving at a schoolhouse where the fuel house was found open with an abundance of dry wood, we decided to spend the remainder of the day in placing a covering over the water-soaked schooner. Besides my ankle needed a rest; it was not conductive to its improvement to have carried along several pounds of Kansas real estate clinging to each of my rather dilapi-

dated shoes as I had been doing for the past three weeks. To a farmer in the neighborhood a pair of mounted steer horns was given in exchange for some hoops and a piece of canvas, which, together with an old tent we had secured in Trinidad, formed the covering. In the afternoon the sun came out and that night, for the first time in several weeks, the engineer and conductor luxuriated in dry clothing and blankets.

After the organization of the Limited we, once a week, would have wash day; we would camp some afternoon early, make a fire, and put a change of clothing in a pot to boil.

If it was dry weather we'd tie the clothes to a rope attached to the back part of the schooner. If it was rainy weather we would put them on wet; 'twas only an exchange of the clean wet for the soiled wet.

On the glourious Fourth we arrived in Lebo, flying the Star-spangled Banner—the one given us in Los Cerrillos—where quite an ovation awaited us by the celebrators. I gave the crowd one of my choice orations which, while it lacked the eloquence of a Patrick Henry, was well received, and at its termination I sold some souvenirs. No Fourth of July celebration is complete without the usual game of baseball. The "Strong City Giants" were on hand to struggle with the "Lebo Invincibles," for fame, glory and the bright smiles of the rustic beauties who were greatly in evidence, bedecked in their best bibs and tuckers. It was great fun! There is more real, downright enjoyment to be had from a country game of baseball than from

a National League contest. As is usually the case in these games, the features were the player by accident catching the ball, and the immense score. The Fickle Goddess of Fortune placed the laurel wreath of victory on the noble brows of the Leboites.

July sixth we camped on a hill overlooking the town of Quenemo where we learned that it would be impossible to cross the river for several days, owing to the high water which was in the streets of the town. Tim and I slept in the schooner in wet blankets, lulled to sleep by the incessant pattering of the raindrops on the canvas.

We woke on the morning of the seventh, the rain still pouring in torrents, wet, hungry and almost despairing. Not one gleam of light marked the horizon. This communing with Nature in fair weather was all right, for what is more alluring than to camp in a picturesque spot, with a bright camp fire burning, and after a good meal to loll around on the blankets, smoking and swapping stories until bed time; and then to seek a luxurious couch of pine boughs with the bright canopy of heaven for a covering? But the communing business through dripping Kansas was "a gray horse of another color."

The Limited, at Quenemo, again suffered the loss of one of its members. The terrible weather had proved too much for Joan of Arc, and the poor little brute died of lung fever. When we first noticed that she was ailing with a bad cough, she was carried to a stable where we worked faithfully over her all one night; but

she died the next morning. She was a cute little animal, kind and gentle, and all day long she'd walk contentedly by my side like a big, faithful dog. Joan was never so precocious as Epaminondas who'd be here, there and everywhere. He'd plough through the mud all day long, and when night came would run races with himself and kick your hat off to give himself an appetite for supper.

July ninth the water had fallen sufficiently to allow us to cross the river, and after starting the team on its way I left for Kansas City where I expected to secure an advertisement from some big enterprise for the World's Fair. Tim said he thought he could manage alone for a few days, and we would join forces again in Missouri.

The year previous I had known in Chicago a vocalist of fine attainments who, when on the verge of becoming a great tenor, contracted typhoid fever and died. I walked into his father's store in Shawnee, and both he and my friend's widow were delighted to see me. The following day was passed resting under the big shade trees and talking over old times in Chicago.

The Sunflower State was at my back when the river was crossed into Kansas City, Mo. Why it was so called I'm at a loss to understand, for old King Sol certainly didn't distinguish himself by any lengthy exhibitions while we were traversing it.

Poor old Kansas! Her trials and tribulations have been many. It appears to me as though the Lord takes special delight in chastising her good people—for they

are good, kind and hospitable; at least we found them so. Among my earliest recollections are hard-luck stories emanating from Kansas. You may have possibly heard the story of the farmer who had gone bankrupt in the State, back in the eighties. The poor devil was making his exit from Kansas, as rapidly as a poor, worn out, old plug of a horse could travel, with the following sign in large letters on the wagon cover;

"In God we trusted,
In Kansas we busted."

But these Kansans are stickers, and the tenacity with which they cling to their State is most admirable. The Creator has tried blowing them out with cyclones; burning them up with droughts; beating them out with hail; eating them up with grasshoppers; and as a last resort is trying the drowning process. Guess he'll give them up as a bad job if the latter fails. They certainly deserve a few peaceful years, at any rate.

While walking the track, several miles east of Little Blue, Mo., I met an old, old man, with a long white beard, hobbling along with the aid of a walking stick, and carrying a bundle.

"Where are you going, young man?" he inquired.

"I'm on a walk from San Francisco to New York City," I answered.

"Walking from San Francisco to New York," he repeated slowly; "I wouldn't do that for all the money in the world."

"Oh, it's not so hard after one becomes accustomed to it," was my reply.

"Yes, it's true. I guess h—— would be all right after one became accustomed to it," he answered, "but come and spend the night with me in my shack up in the woods, and I want you distinctly to understand, young man, that I'm the only man in Jackson county who would extend you hospitality. They are a bad lot these Missourians, a very bad lot; and I have been here long enough to find them out, over forty years."

The old fellow was quite a character so I decided to accompany him to his lodging up in the hills, situated a mile from the railroad. On reaching his rudely-constructed shack, I planted myself on a bench under a tree after removing my knapsack.

"Will you have a drink?" he called from the interior of his cabin.

"Don't care if I do," was my reply, thinking that a little nip of good old Kentucky Bourbon would do me good.

The old man shortly emerged from the doorway with two tincups, some sugar and a bottle. He placed himself beside me on the bench to mix the drinks. The bottle was labeled *"ALCOHOL."*

And he rambled thusly: "My name is Albertus Babe Kelly, formerly of Kentucky, and the most serious charge for which I'll be compelled to answer before the last tribunal is that forty years of my life were misspent in Missouri. I came here forty years ago, to escape being drafted for the war, and have never had money enough to return. The very idea of a Kentucky gentleman having sojourned here so long is alone

enough to condemn him to eternal and everlasting punishment."

As he poured the fiery liquid into the cups, he continued:

"A good drink of whiskey cannot be secured anywhere in Jackson county," and, as he handed me the drink he proposed the following toast:

> "Here is to dear old Kentucky,
> The land of the rich blue-grass;
> And to Missouri eternal damnation,
> Which is only fit for an ass."

Of course Albertus Babe would have been mortally offended had I balked; so I was game and down went the fiery concoction to the last drop. My, how it burnt!

In reply to the inquiry as to why he lived a hermit's life, he answered:

"I am close to Nature here, far removed from the lying and deceitful world. With the trees, birds and animals for my friends, I am spending my last days contented and happy. I earn with my axe, chopping wood and splitting rails, the necessities of life, and here I will remain until the last call."

Poor, lonely old man! Can you imagine a more pitiful sight than a man eighty years of age quitting this world for eternity without a single friend? I cannot.

The next morning the old fellow insisted on my trying another of his famous Alcohol high-balls, but 'twas nay, nay Pauline—never again for little Willie. Albertus gave me a cane carved from heart oak and it was a peach of a dog stick.

San Francisco, 2,361 miles—1,349 miles New York.

## CHAPTER XII.

### NEWS OF THE LIMITED.

Marauders Disturb the Slumbers of the Pedestrian—The Reunion at California, Mo.—Jefferson City—Epaminondas Has His Picture "Took"—A Fish Story—An Argument With the Ferryman—A Feast of Game and Fowl—The Consideration of Teddy—Triumphal Entry Into the World's Fair City—The Arizona Limited Makes Its Début Into Fast Society.

July seventeenth the weather was very warm and after accomplishing ten miles a halt was made under the shade of some oaks which line the Missouri Pacific railroad. At four o'clock the journey was resumed to Strasburg, which was reached at ten o'clock. As the whole village had apparently retired, I spread my blanket on a trunk truck which was standing on the platform of the station, and a good bed it was; a little hard, it is true, but then I had become so accustomed to hard things on this trip that when anything soft came my way it was quite a shock to the system.

Four A. M. found me up and doing. The same policy was pursued as on the previous day; that is, walking early and late and resting in the heat of the day. Upon my arrival in Warrensburg I repaired to a drug store, and there met a party who had two days previously seen the Limited pass. They kept my whistle wet with divers and sundry soft drinks and I spun them a few yarns about the road.

The nineteenth I walked twenty-five miles into Dresden, where an empty box car was occupied. These were strenuous days, and I was forcibly reminded of the long walks across the Great American Desert into Albuquerque, before the organization of the Limited. While reposing on the platform of the railroad station at Syracuse, I was awakened by hearing two persons conversing in close proximity:

"'Fo Gawd, what is dat a layin' dar?"

It was then that I rose on my elbow to see who it was that dared

> Beard the lion in his den,
> The pedestrian at his rest.

Her companion replied:

"He's jes' takin' res', Lize, come away and lef' 'im be; he's jes' takin' his res'."

The next marauder to disturb the pedestrian's rest was old King Sol, and I wasn't long in getting busy.

I left the railroad track and followed the county road, and if no one had told me that the schooner had passed I'd have known it. How? Because there was no other pair of wheels in the world that made such a trail; for describing paraboloids they stood alone and apart in a class by themselves. The tracks looked like two serpents had crawled the road, side by side.

On reaching California, Mo., the first thing that came within my line of vision was the schooner standing at the watering trough. When within fifty feet of the outfit what do you think happened? Epaminondas espied me and walked down to meet me and rubbed against my leg, as much as to say:

"Where have you been all this time, old sport, and I'm real glad to see you." The dear little fellow. I put my arms around him and he was treated to a real good hug. How attached one becomes to dumb creatures! All the attention, however, was not given to young Master Pytts. Teddy's new suit of clothes was patted—the burros in my absence had shedded their long hair—and Carrie's contrariness was forgotten, and only her faithful work remembered in those trying days in Kansas. Tim told me that Grover was still very sad over her recent bereavement, and that she didn't sing the song of the Tennessee Mocking Bird with the same expression as of yore.

At Jefferson City we secured a local advertisement from a drygoods concern and invested the money in a new stock of pictures. The photographer said that the picture of the entire outfit was good, but that the one of Epaminondas (we had one of him taken alone) lacked animation.

Said I to him, "You go up to the studio and be Johnny on the spot, and I'll guarantee to give you all the animation you want."

Taking the little rascal in my arms, I carried him up a flight of stairs and deposited him at one end of the studio immediately facing the camera. It was truly ludicrous. With every muscle tense, head erect, eyes glaring, and ears pricked, our young hero's attitude indicated the following:

"Well, what do you think of this? Surely this is the queerest place an ass ever found himself in. Pic-

tures on the wall, yes, and this stuff on the floor; and oh! what is that terrible instrument facing me? I wonder if my long, tall friend in the long, tall hat will allow me to be murdered in cold blood?

"If he'll just take me out of here alive, I'll promise never to take the studs again, nor will I ever kick at him when he twists my tail. Oh! mamma, mamma, I want my mamma! She'd save her baby boy by smashing that infernal machine with one kick of her nimble heels. And see that man cover his head with a black cloth, yes, and he's pointing the muzzle directly at me, too. Oh! what will I do—he'll blow me to——." Click went the machine and 'twas all over.

The photograph was a howling success.

July twenty-fourth, Tim was so ill with cramps in his stomach (possibly the result of my excellent (?) cooking) that he was unable to continue the journey until the afternoon. The man at the west side of the ferry said that the boss wouldn't be over until four o'clock, when the western mail would be brought over. While we wait I'll tell you a fish story.

If I hadn't had that cherry tree story about George Washington hammered into me at an early age with a shingle, it would be like this:

I saw many large fish bobbing around in the river, and to while away the tedious hours borrowed a fishing line from the man at the ferry. I cast the line and sat on the river bank to await results. Possibly half an hour had elapsed when I was rudely awakened by a terrible jerk; realizing that I was unable to cope alone

with the monster of the deep, without a moment's hesitation the line was wrapped around the trunk of a big tree in close proximity. I called lustily for Tim to bring Teddy to my assistance. I thought that the combined efforts of Tim, the strenuous one, and myself, might be so fortunate as to bring the immense catch to terra firma. After tugging vigorously with might and main our hopes seemed about to be realized when the line snapped and the monster escaped.

However I cannot tell a lie. The crazy fish bobbed all around my line, and nary a bite did I get in two long hours. Yes, the fish were left in the Osage river, and they can bob around until eternity without fear of molestation on my part.

Four o'clock came and with it the ferryman. I insisted on his ferrying us over free of charge but he demurred. However his demurrer was overruled by my strong arguments in favor of free transportation as follows:

Firstly, that we were affording the people at large a good deal of free entertainment, and that it was our right to demand help and assistance from the people with whom we came in contact.

Secondly, that his ferry would be advertised far and wide throughout the country.

Thirdly, that we had no money, and if we had he wouldn't get any of it as it was needed for other purposes; and unless he ferried us across the river we'd stay right there and live on the country.

The last one, as the old nigger says, "fotched" him. He couldn't take us over fast enough, for he saw our

hungry eyes feasting on his nice fat chickens strolling 'round the barn yard.

While journeying along the road we scared up a half grown rabbit. Hare a la Limited popped into my noggin, and the thought was no sooner formulated than bing! Tim and I were in hot pursuit. I must confess had we not worked the flim-flam on poor bro' rabbit he would have escaped. When one of us became exhausted after turning him, the other would take up the chase. At length Tim caught the little fellow and he was immediately added to the fresh meat supply of the Limited.

Good luck always runs in streaks. Whenever chickens were caught on the roadside chasing butterflies I, who pride myself on being prepared for all emergencies, would let fly at them with a rock. Fortune never favored me until one day we came upon four wallowing in the dust, when letting fly with a stone one was laid out with a smack on the side of the head. Chicken fricassee, tourist style for ours, you bet. The funny part of it was I threw at one chicken and killed another.

Tim and I camped under some trees where, while rolling around on the grass, we got full of chigoes. They are tiny little insects almost invisible to the naked eye which bury themselves under the skin. Then it's scratch—scratch—scratch—until a great big sore arises; oh! it's great fun—for the chigoe.

July twenty-seventh we pushed on to Gray's Summit where that evening we had a beautiful camping

place in a patch of woods that lines the State road. Having lost the case for my glasses, I put them, when retiring for the night, on the top of a box of oatmeal, closed and carefully covered with a piece of canvas, never dreaming that aught would molest them before morning. However I failed to reckon with the shrewd Teddy Roosevelt who, no doubt, was sleeping with one eye open under an adjacent tree and observing the whole transaction.

"Now," thought he to himself, "after the boss goes to sleep under the pale, wan moon, I'll sample a box of that wonderful oatmeal that old Carrie says is so delicious. I am tired of hearing her harp on that old story of the swell midnight lunch she and poor Mark Twain had one night down in New Mexico. It will be a great joke on Carrie and Grover when I tell them about it in the morning."

Several times during the night Teddy was chased away from the schooner, and we couldn't imagine why he hung around the rig. The next morning we found out; the oatmeal, box and all, had mysteriously disappeared. I felt a sinking of the heart when a few pieces of pasteboard were found strewn on the ground. I was helpless without the glasses and they cost four times as much as the Limited had in the treasury at the time. A search disclosed the glasses pushed carefully to one side after having been mouthed considerably but unbroken; which all goes to prove what a very sensible fellow our Ted was.

"What do you think of this," thought T. R., as he pulled the top off the box, "here are the boss's glasses, and I'll push them to one side for the old boy needs them. It will do me no good to break his glasses. If that vindictive old Carrie Nation were here she'd smash them to even up old scores, but as for me there's nothing like that in my mechanism; I'm above such little meannesses of the soul but not too high and mighty to enjoy a real good bait of oatmeal."

July thirty-first we reached the outskirts of St. Louis where we decided to camp until Monday. The next day my old friend "Chicago" came out to the camp, and we spent a very pleasant day.

August second we entered the city and created quite a sensation in the down-town district. It was the first large city we had had the Limited in, and by drawing such immense crowds and blocking the streets we narrowly escaped arrest several times.

The team was quartered on Grand street at a livery stable, and Tim and I slept in the delivery wagons under the shed.

One morning I awoke spinning down Grand street. The driver had hitched his horse to the rig and jumped on the seat, all unconscious of the prize package he was about to deliver at the door of some fashionable west-end residence. When aware of the fact he halted and allowed me to dress, and I took up my bed and hiked back to the stable.

In looking for employment a call was paid the manager of Manufacturers' Day, and he engaged the Lim-

ited to advertise the day in the down-town district of St. Louis one day, and the following one to come to the Fair grounds as a side attraction. At the Fair an immense throng congregated around us all day and I repeatedly mounted the schooner and regaled our admirers with stories of the trip across the western plains, and how the entire outfit, cart, harness, whiffletrees, bridles and bits, everything but the burros, had been manufactured with four tools, viz: a saw, a claw-hammer, wire pliers and a leather punch. We were cautioned against selling souvenirs but we worked a game in which had we been detected, no doubt, would have resulted in our expulsion from the grounds. However "there was never a law made that couldn't be fenced," and we fenced that one by putting the pictures in a gunny sack, and having those who wished one take the picture and leave the money.

An immense platform had been constructed on the Plaza on which the carnival was held. Late in the afternoon on looking over the list of prizes to be distributed I noticed that there were several for the best mining outfits, the first being fifty dollars in gold. While I went in search of a pick and shovel Tim made a minature pack for Epaminondas, and on it tied a piece of blanket and the canteen. On the platform was a heterogeneous company, surely. There were elephants, camels, horses, Rubes dressed in the most ridiculous costumes, Oriental girls, and the Arizona Limited.

The Rube who took the first prize in his class had a white pig three weeks old that was dodging between

his legs continually. The Rube carried in his pocket a nursing bottle with a nipple on the end, and ever and anon he'd give the little fellow a nip of milk which only served to whet his appetite for more. The pig would grunt and squeal to beat the band; it was too comical, and caused a great deal of amusement to the crowd.

The judges called your uncle Dudley up and handed out fifty sheckels in gold. Rich! why Rockefeller with all his millions never in his life felt half so wealthy as did the Limited.

The Post-Dispatch made, August 7th, the following comment:

"Alcibiades-Pytts, donkey, made his debut in fast company in the carnival procession. Alcibiades was born three days before his parents and his master started from San Francisco to the World's Fair in a prospector's wagon. Alcibiades walked all the way, but never did he meet with so many obstacles as he did on the Plaza platform.

"He tried to stay next to his mother, but maskers got in his way and the turns were hard to make for the little unhitched donkey."

San Francisco, 2,644 miles—1,066 miles New York.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE LIMITED BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The Outfit in Litigation—The New Engineer—Advertising a Commodity in the City—Preparations for Leaving St. Louis—A Night With the Mosquitoes—The Rifle Brought Effectively Into Action—The Engineer Displays Mechanical Attainments of a High Order—An Amusing Incident at Effingham, Ill.—A Turkey Feast.

The week following "Manufacturers' Day," we made efforts to be taken into the Fair as a side attraction for some show. The Limited received offers in abundance, but none that were pecuniarily advantageous. I then signed a contract with a show at the Odeon theatre—Kiralfy's "Louisiana Purchase Spectacle." We were featured in the emigrant scene, which represented the Forty-niners crossing the plains to the gold fields of before retiring for the safety of the party, and then Epaminondas by my side, I'd lead the procession, closely followed by the rig driven by Tim; then came the actors and supers.

After several songs and a ballet, prayer was offered before retiring for the safety of the party, and then all lay down except Epaminondas and me. We did a stunt all by our lonesome.

I would spread the blanket as closely as possible to the footlights, and lay the gun and accouterments beside it; then I would take Epaminondas in my arms, carry him across the stage and put him on the blanket,

when he would lie down, allowing me to use him for a pillow. Epam and I never failed to bring down the house. During all the shooting and yelling, when the Indians attacked, he would lie perfectly quiet; but at the fall of the curtain he would rise with the other actors. Really, I believe he thoroughly appreciated being a star, and enjoyed it.

When our engagement terminated at the Odeon I wished to renew it, but I ascertained that Tim was dissatisfied with my management. He was badly advised by some idle fellows around the stable, and hid the burros and schooner in a private stable; and several days elapsed before I found them. Replevin proceedings were instituted, and I again had possession of the outfit. However before the action came up for trial it was compromised by the payment of an inconsiderable sum to Tim, and his connection with the Limited was severed.

When the smoke of battle cleared—for you know full well that a law suit is a luxury—I was again down and out financially. All—every cent—of the nice stake made at the fair and theatre was consumed in the fire of angry passions. For several days during the controversy I went hungry, but the burros had their three meals per day. On relating the story to a friend he remarked:

"But it's fine stuff for your book, you know."

"Yes," was my reply, "fine, indeed, but don't you think it preferable to have the dope come in installments, and give the stomach a treat occasionally?"

The acquaintance of a Virginian was made who was on his uppers for fair. He had been working for a medicine man who manufactured medicine and sold it from a cart in small towns in Illinois and Indiana. He made formal application for the position rendered vacant by the elimination of Tim, and after due consideration he received the appointment of engineer and mechanic of the Arizona Limited Express, the emoluments of his office to be one-third of all he could graft. The new official answered to the name of Heine, was highly educated and spoke several languages fluently.

A contract was procured from a large shoe concern to advertise their commodity on the streets of St. Louis in the business district, and we were also able to sell a number of pictures of the Limited, and a button bearing the name and likeness of Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts. Every day at luncheon time we'd go to a German restaurant for lunch, and the old frau, who owned the place, would send out a big box of stale bread for the burros, of which they were very fond. The old lady's special pet was Epaminondas, and his portion was always milk which he drank from a pan held by the old dame herself.

The last few days of our stay in St. Louis were spent in preparations for the trip to New York. I was presented with the running gear of an old buggy to which the body of the schooner, lengthened several feet, was transferred. It was a great help to the burros, as it is next to impossible to equalize a load on a two-wheel cart so not to bear heavily on their necks. Again, the

boxings of our old wheels were worn to a frazzle and could not have possibly lasted more than a couple of hundred miles.

A call was paid "uncle Iky," who kept a three-ball shop on Olive street, and negotiations opened for a small Winchester that carried a twenty-two, long or short; with this we expected to keep the larder of the Limited supplied with domestic fowl as we travelled athwart the middle West. Uncle Iky wanted three dollars for the rifle; I offered one, and we compromised on two.

Heine was also a bugler, and a good one too. So to have all of his talents utilized, a bugle was purchased with which in clarion notes the people could be notified of the Limited's coming.

Monday, September twenty-sixth, we wended our way over the Eads bridge into East St. Louis, thereby terminating the visit that promised so much, started so auspiciously, and ended so disastrously. We left the city in the same financial condition in which we entered it eight weeks previous: BROKE.

The first night out the camp was made near one of the Mississippi's lagoons. It was intensely warm, and I lay down on the porch of a chicken house in the vicinity. All night long it was a question as to whether I'd prefer being smothered to death in a blanket or consumed bodily by the mosquitoes. And such gallinippers! For size and viciousness their equal had never been seen by me in Jersey, Florida or the Dakotas. Heine had had his battles also, for the in-

terior of the schooner resembled a shambles more than anything else.

The twenty-seventh we accomplished only ten miles, owing to the poor condition of the road which rivalled the quagmires of the Sunflower state, and camped near a cornfield which afforded us choice roasting-ears for supper and, sad to relate, proved the undoing of Heine. He awoke the following morning really ill. Heine hadn't had sufficient time to develop the stomach of a trans-continental traveller, that is, to be able to digest ten-penny nails with the heads on.

In the forenoon a large and juicy opportunity was afforded us to try our Winchester against the real thing. A number of young spring chickens were chasing insects on the public highway—foolish, foolish birds!—all unconscious of the approach of their avowed enemy, the Arizona Limited Express, with its death-dealing weapon. On our approach they never desisted a moment from their occupation—for had they not from childhood's earliest hour chased June bugs, unmolested from the passing vehicles?—and one proud young cockerel, bolder than the rest, halted to take a look at Epaminondas. "He who hesitates is lost." While speculating as to whether he had better run from that queer bit of mule flesh or treat him with contempt, an eye was trained on him, yes, the eagle eye of the engineer of the Limited, down the glistening barrel of the Winchester—Bing! Alas, for poor Master Dominicker who lay fluttering on the roadside with a bullet through his neck, his bright and brilliant career as a Junebug

catcher brought to an early and untimely end! A fraction of a minute sufficed to yank off his head and drop him into a bucket which hung to the rear part of the schooner.

We were travelling on the National Road which runs parallel to the Vandalia line—part and parcel of the Pennsylvania railroad. I was kept very busy tacking signs of a tobacco concern of Louisville, Kentucky, for which we received the sum of three cents each. Before leaving St. Louis the manager put into the schooner a bushel of tobacco samples. I thought it good business policy to exchange the weed with the natives for vegetables, eggs, bread, et cetera. As long as the samples lasted the larder was kept well supplied without foraging.

One afternoon while jogging along, a most remarkable feat was performed by a horse attached to a buggy in which were two men travelling west. The horse, on perceiving the Limited, broke to one side on a dead run, went clear over a two-strand barbed wire fence, drawing the buggy after him without upsetting it, and ran 'round and 'round a field. Heine and I, of course, thought the horse must have been cut badly and, when the man returned to the road, I went up to see how the animal had fared and to offer our valuable services in making needed repairs to the buggy and harness. Would you believe it that an examination disclosed not a single scratch on the animal, the buggy intact, and not even so much as a strap broken on the harness?

Saturday, October first, we camped on the outskirts of Vandalia where we had many visitors and kept the

boys busy bringing cakes, pies and milk. In the evening there was a band concert in the city, and to avoid having the burros scare the passing horses, many of which were driven by women, they were taken to an orchard in the vicinity and tied, with the exception of Epaminondas. I disliked making the little rascal walk all day and not give him his liberty at night. He was driven in the orchard with his mother but didn't remain there.

He strayed out in the middle of the road and nearly caused a runaway. All the mule species dearly love to wallow in the dust. It was sufficient to scare any horse to have a tiny mule, the like of which he had never seen, rise up at his very feet like Banquo's ghost.

October second was a beautiful autumn day, and as we had very good roads eighteen miles were covered. During the day we came to a hill the descent of which was impracticable without a brake to assist the burros in holding back the schooner. I borrowed an auger from a farmer, and for a bar Heine selected a fence rail which he sawed to the proper length. This we placed underneath the rig on the pieces connecting the front and rear wheels, and immediately in front of the latter, and on the rail was tacked the blocks. For rubbers the soles of old shoes were used. Then by means of wire, rope and an iron ring, Heine made a pulley and attached it to a lever which he had previously made and set up in the front part of the rig by the driver's seat. By pulling back on the lever with moderate strength the rear wheels could be locked so effectively

that they would drag. Heine was a great mechanical genius.

When driving through the streets of Effingham, Illinois, we met a party of ladies and gentlemen.

One inquired, "Is this outfit from Virginia?"

Imagine their surprise when I told them we were both from the Old Dominion. The announcement was greeted by the entire party with roars of laughter. Then we were let into the joke and enjoyed it as much as they. The Illinois family had some relatives from Virginia visiting them and whenever a queer, freaky looking affair was seen, to twit their Virginia cousins some one would ask, "Don't that remind you of home?"

We pitched the camp in a brickyard and after tea the people we met in the afternoon came down and all had a fine time as wood was plentiful and we could have a jolly big fire. We spent the whole forenoon of the following day at their residence, and when we left they loaded us down with good things to take along.

Near Jewett the fast Vandalia Express ran into a flock of half-grown turkeys and killed four. The poor lady to whom they belonged was heart broken over her loss, and as she didn't care to use them herself I gave her two pounds of tobacco for two turkeys. We had shot two chickens during the day with the rifle, so there were busy times around the campfire that night picking and frying fowls. At one A. M. the job was completed and we had a supply of turkey and chicken to last several days.

San Francisco, 2,770 miles—940 New York.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY WAS THERE WITH THE GOODS AND SO WAS THE COW.

Terre Haute—The Pedestrian Bested by a Hoosier in an Argument—The Ways and Means Committee of the Limited Go Into Executive Session at Reelsville—Two Adventurous Youths Visit the Camp—Ill With Malaria at Plainfield—Advertising in Indianapolis—The Speech—A Street Fight.

October fifth we travelled twenty miles, and camped in the edge of a wood. Reveille was sounded by a cow. While Heine made a fire, I grabbed a pail, scouted around in the gray dawn, and located the bovine on the outskirts of the woods. It had been many years since I milked a cow, and at first glance she looked to be a very formidable brute. For several moments we regarded each other—the cow fiercely and I pleadingly. For a brief space I was in a quandary. Shall I, thought I to myself, or shall I not? "To be or not to be, that is the question." I disliked very much returning to the camp milkless, to be laughed at by Heine, but again I wasn't hankering after being kicked into next week, gored and possibly killed. Ah! an inspiration. That song my dear old grandmother used to sing to us children, back there somewhere in the mist of years, arose in my memory: "Say, Tiny, my pretty little cow, stand still." My pure melodious voice broke the stillness of that newborn day. The soulful rendition of this melody had the desired effect, for before the completion of the third

stanza "the soft and limpid brown eyes," immortalized by the poets, were discernible. That cow was touched and deeply too.

Approaching with the stealth of a panther I gently, oh! so gently, touched her on the right hind leg. Much to my relief back went the leg and down went I upon my knees—but not to pray. With my head pressed against her flank I pulled away for dear life, and desisted only when a quart of the lacteal fluid had been extracted.

When we were preparing to break camp the old lady to whom the cow belonged appeared on the scene with pail in hand; but no Tiny. The cow, doubtless thinking she had done her morning's duty, or possibly to escape another song, was grazing in the seclusion of some woody dell.

"Have you seen my cow this morning?" she inquired.

"Yes-er-I believe there was a cow-er-'round here about daybreak, wasn't there, Heine?" was my reply.

As the old lady climbed the fence to search for the recreant Tiny she muttered:

"I don't know what has gotten into Tiny; she never acted so strangely before."

Doubtless there was food for further speculation when the milk was measured. However, had we known the prank would cause the old lady so much trouble we'd have dispensed with milk in our coffee.

On the sixth, after journeying twenty miles, the camp was pitched near a sawmill where the slabs furnished us ample fuel for a roaring camp fire as the night was quite cold.

In the morning, before breaking camp, several chickens came and were picking where the burros had been fed. Among them was a bright red cock, a proud, fearless young thing, and thinking he'd adorn the skillet I picked up the Winchester and when within twelve feet of him levelled, aimed and fired. Gee Whiz! That rooster is running yet. On looking 'round very much disconcerted, Heine was rolling over the ground in a fit of convulsions at my marksmanship.

A stop of several hours was made in Terre Haute, and we camped six miles east of the city. Quite an amusing incident happened with an old gentleman who furnished us wood and water. I handed him the button bearing the name and picture of Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts, with the remark:

"Here is a photograph of my baby."

The old fellow looked at it by the light emanating from the camp fire and said:

"What a beautiful child it is. Where is the mother now—in San Francisco?"

"Grazing out there on the roadside," was my answer, "take another peep."

He did, and "Oh!" was his ejaculation.

Later in the evening a man, who from appearances earned his daily bread by manual labor, came to the camp and spent several hours with us. He was far above his class in intelligence and conversational powers.

"Who is going to be the next President of the United States?" I asked.

"Roosevelt," was his reply, "by an overwhelming plurality."

"Are you a Republican?" was the next inquiry.

"Yes," he answered.

"Why?"

You should have seen the fellow. With flashing eyes and upraised arm he exclaimed:

"I am a Republican because the Republican party has for the past forty years been the backbone and sinew of the country in both war and peace." And continuing he asked,"Why are you a Democrat?"

"Blamed if I know unless it's because my grandfather was one," was my answer.

Ah! it was the middle westerners of this type that, fifty years ago, humbled the stars and bars so frequently in the West, and finally brought the Confederacy to an end on the field of Appomattox.

One evening at Reelsville we hurried through supper and the ways and means committee of the Arizona Limited went into executive session to consider several momentous propositions affecting the welfare of the said Limited. I was chairman of the committee, Heine recording secretary, and Epaminondas sergeant-at-arms. The little burro always participated in the councils.

The moment he finished his corn he'd sedately walk over to the camp for his dessert, a handful of sugar which he would eat from my hand. Very strong on sweets was Epaminondas. Did he then leave and spend the remainder of his recreation in idleness or in search of weeds and thistles? Nay, nay. A wise one was this youngster in his generation. He appreciated good company, Ahem! He would place himself directly

over the camp fire, inhale the smoke therefrom, and assimilate the words of wisdom which frequently came from the lips of the chairman and the secretary. Ahem!

The following is an extract from the minutes of the meeting:

"Chairman Harman, sitting on a fence rail, promptly at eight o'clock P. M., called the committee to order by tapping, gently rapping, on a tin pan with a spoon. The secretary, Heine, was present in his usually disgraceful attitude of reclining on a blanket. Sergeant-at-arms, Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts, was on hand prepared to administer a simultaneous right and left uppercut to the jaw of any intruder on the deliberations of the august body. After the pros and cons of several propositions had been discussed Heine was called to the rail, and the chairman offered the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, there has been a serious falling off in the proceeds of souvenirs, the sale of which constitutes the main support of the Arizona Limited Express, and

"WHEREAS, wintry weather is approaching and it is necessary to procure a tent and a stove to afford protection and comfort to the engineer and conductor of the said Limited, and

"WHEREAS, the Chancellor of the Exchequer reports only one dollar and seventy cents in the treasury and it is necessary that heroic measures be adopted:

"RESOLVED: That the said conductor be and he is hereby ordered by this committee to prepare a speech concerning the journey, the same to be declaimed by him vociferously on the street corners, roads and at all available public places.

"And that the said engineer is ordered to make a board which will show off to advantage the souvenirs, and is further ordered to pass it among the benighted natives and use all possible means to separate them from a portion of the good United States.

"And the said Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts must look cute on all occasions when on exhibition, and eat everything poked at him by the boys; with the single exception of barbed wire which might cause serious complications."

"The resolution was passed unanimously by the committee, without amendment.

"(Signed) M. G. HARMAN, Chairman.

"By the Secretary, Heine."

When Plainfield was reached October tenth at three o'clock, I was too ill to continue. Heine unpacked the schooner and made a bed in it to which I went, sore and aching. The following morning the nature of the disease was disclosed. Malaria, that malignant enemy of man, had me in its toils for fair. Did I shake? Ask Heine. The old schooner rocked, creaked and groaned like an old bark in a gale at sea, and the cow bell swinging in the rear of the schooner kept up a continual ding-dong. It was contracted either in St. Louis or on the night we encamped in the Mississippi river bottom.

All day long I lay in the schooner while Heine went to Indianapolis for some medicine, and to get employment for the Limited for a few days. Late in the afternoon he returned with some medicine and the glad tidings that a local concern would give us employment for four days.

Late in the afternoon two youths from Indianapolis, Cyril and Marmaduke, put in an appearance at the camp. Cyril carried a small rifle on his shoulder, and Marmaduke was "totin' " a chicken which they asked us to cook. The following is the gist of the youngsters' story. Having become weary of school and desiring an adventurous life in the "wild and woolly," they had left Indianapolis the previous afternoon, with no money. Their sole reliance to supply them with sustenance was placed on the rifle. The night was passed in a hay barn and in the morning they awoke very hungry. Cyril, the Nimrod of the combination, shouldered his rifle and went in search of game. He drew a bead on a chicken somewhere down the road, but after killing it the same proved a white elephant on their hands, as neither of the boys could make a camp fire or prepare the fowl. After wandering around all day they fortunately came across us. Heine and I regaled them with hard luck stories of the road, and when we suggested paying their carfare back to the city they gladly accepted. I think their experiences will hold them for a while and that Marmaduke and Cyril will be content to remain a few years more on the paternal roost.

In pursuance of the order of the ways and means committee, the speech was prepared and delivered various and sundry times while in Indianapolis. It ran about like this:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: On the eighth day of February of the present year I left San Francisco, California, on a pedestrian tour across the United States to

New York City, starting with a single three-cent piece in my pocket. After encountering almost insurmountable obstacles, endurance and perseverance landed me in your beautiful city yesterday.

"Fifty miles east of Albuquerque, N. M., the Arizona Limited Express was organized, and it does not require a close examination to perceive that both schooner and harness are hand-made. The former engineer and myself accomplished this feat with the aid of four tools, viz: a saw, a claw-hammer, wire-pliers and a leather punch. Ladies and gentlemen, the Limited is not noted for speed, nor have we ever taken a prize in a beauty show, but I assert without fear of contradiction that there are more varieties, kinds, sizes, shapes and colors of asses connected with it than can be found in any other aggregation in the world.

"Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, to make you acquainted with the individual members of the Limited. On the nigh side stands Teddy Roosevelt, the embodiment of strenuosity. It is needless to add he is violently opposed to race suicide among the burros, and, furthermore, he is *DEE-LIGHTED* on all occasions, but especially so when a member of the audience purchases his photograph.

"In the centre is Grover Cleveland. It requires not a close examination to disclose the fact that Grover is a jinny. But old Grover always was right much of an old woman, hence the name. Grover is a great ducker, she vetoes vehemently any liberties taken with her business end, and one of the engineer's chief duties is

to prevent the old dame from lapsing into innocuous desuetude. Grover drinks very little water.

"On the off side will be found our old friend Carrie Nation. If you don't believe it, walk up and take a look at the original Carrie Nation hatchet attached to her bridle. Our Carrie possesses all the eccentricities of her notorious namesake, but especially are her smashing propensities wonderfully developed.

"Now you are about to be introduced to the most wonderful little ass in the world. Yes, even more wonderful than Balaam's ass which argued with the said Balaam for an undeserved licking. Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts is no talker but he's one h—— of a walker. He is the foal of Carrie Nation and was dropped on the twenty-first day of May at Fort Union, N. M. He started on his walk the next day after his birth, and when ten weeks of age he hiked into St. Louis, a distance of twelve hundred miles. Epaminondas, in addition to his walking feat, took a prize of fifty dollars in gold at the World's Fair on the sixth of August, and a week later made his debut before the footlights in Kiralfy's Louisiana Purchase Spectacle, where he immediately became a star.

"The next ass on the program is Heine, the efficient engineer of the Limited. He has enjoyed his highly honorable and lucrative post a short time only, having joined the Limited in St. Louis.

"But, ladies and gentlemen, the most colossal ass of all yet remains to be introduced. (At this point the speaker gracefully removes his sombrero, and smilingly



ARRIVED AT INDIANAPOLIS.

bows to the right and left)—myself—the conductor and originator of the Arizona Limited. He feels a delicacy in enumerating and dwelling upon his many accomplishments, so will leave them to the vivid imaginations of his highly intelligent audience."

There was usually some fresh guy in the audience who thought because he was in his home town we could be insulted with impunity. While standing on Washington street, in Indianapolis, a man started to pick a row. Several times he was cautioned, when his remarks became obnoxious, to leave us alone, and that if he persisted there surely would be trouble. He finally called me a liar. I removed my glasses and landed on his jaw. However, before either he or I could do any serious damage, Heine emerged from the back of the schooner like a catapult, and was on him. One blow of his fist was all-sufficient. When Mr. Fresh Guy came to his senses he found himself lying in the middle of the car track, with a lump on his cheek the size of a hen's egg. The sympathy of the crowd was with us, and several gentlemen gave us their cards and said they'd be glad to testify in court in our favor, if arrested.

After purchasing a tent and some photographs of the Limited we left the city on October sixteenth.

San Francisco, 2,227 miles—783 miles New York.

## CHAPTER XV.

### HEINE MAKES A STOVE.

A Catastrophe Narrowly Averted—A Runaway Accident—Malaria—In a Lunatic Asylum at Columbus—A Bunch of Rollicking, Frollicking Girls—With the Red Devils—The Pedestrian Gives a Driving Lesson—The Limited Runs Amuck of a Virago—A Brilliant Geographical Scholar—In Which the Sheriff of Cadiz County Involuntarily Assumes the Role of Acrobat.

After procuring a tent and some pictures, the treasury of the Limited was so depleted that there was not sufficient money to purchase a stove. When we wanted anything we never let a little thing like lack of money hinder us. The Limited needed a stove, just had to have one. So we got a roll of sheet iron and a box of rivets, and on reaching Knightstown, Ind., a local tinsmith was asked if he would lend us his tools which he very surlily refused to do. However, nothing daunted, we repaired to a blacksmith's shop, and the proprietor allowed us to work there. In the short space of five hours Heine with my assistance, designed, cut out and riveted the parts together. It was a bully stove, with lids on the top, and the nicest little oven imaginable, and sufficiently large to accommodate a plump western fowl. Three tools only were used in its manufacture, viz: a hammer, cold chisel and anvil.

October twentieth the Limited passed through Richmond, Ind., and while there the proprietor of a livery

stable gave us four horse blankets to cover the burros at night. The camp was made at a schoolhouse just over the Ohio State line. At this camp we came near losing another member, but luckily it was prevented. The burros had been allowed to graze in the yard for a time, but before retiring the three old ones were tied to the boughs of a large tree in close proximity to the tent. During the night we were aroused—such a braying was never heard. Thinking some animal was interfering with the brutes, I rushed forth in my stocking feet and found Epaminondas lying on the ground, while Teddy was on his knees, holding the small jack by the throat and choking the life out of him. Ted's hold was broken after he had been belabored with the rifle. Epam came very near taking the short route to burro heaven. For several moments after Teddy's grip had been broken, the little burro rolled over the ground, gasping for breath and trying his level best to bray. What intelligent brutes these burros were. Old Carrie, knowing full well that her youngster was being killed, was struggling with might and main to break her tether, and at the same time braying loudly for help. Grover Cleveland, purely out of sympathy, joined in the chorus with her sweet, resonant voice.

On the twenty-second of October we made the thriving town of Dayton, the place made famous by the National Cash Register. Ever since leaving St. Louis we had been searching for a nice dog, and a man at the last-named point presented the Limited with a beautiful fox terrier. "It never rains but it pours." A man named Cooper asked:

"Don't you want a companion for your dog?"

"Trot the dog out and let's have a look at her," was my reply, "this is a very select bunch of asses, and you can't palm off on the Limited just any old thing."

He returned bearing a very funny little creature. She was the embodiment of many breeds—in other words a mongrel—a mixture of black and tan, pug and what not. She looked so forlornly pitiful, and as she had no home, the gentleman having found her that morning crouched at his door, we gave her a berth. The fox terrier was named Daytonia in honor of the city, and the mongrel was given the appellation of Cooperina.

One morning, east of Springfield, I went into a hay loft to lie down until a chill passed off. After several hours, on returning to the rig, I found Heine and a farmer picking up the remnants of a buggy which were scattered around the road. The following was Heine's account of the accident:

"After feeding the burros I climbed into the schooner and commenced a letter. So engrossed was I that the first intimation I had that anything was approaching was a terrible crash. On looking out, two men were observed crawling from beneath a capsized buggy, and one inquired of the other:

"Are you hurt?"

"No," was his reply, "but dog-goned scared."

"And," Heine continued, "a short distance from the buggy, the horse, a treacherous broncho, was lying flat on his back in a ditch, kicking and struggling frantically in the endeavor to extricate himself. We were

puzzled for a time as to the best method to get the animal up, for it was dangerous to go near him. Finally, one of his hind legs was lassoed, and the four of us dragged him out."

The weather was cold and a drizzling rain had set in, and how I was enabled to accomplish that last six miles of the day's journey into West Jefferson, God alone knows. My temperature rose to such a degree that my brain became addled, and the only incident of the walk remembered next day was Heine and I scrapping; he wanted me to get into the rig and I wouldn't.

How peculiar is this disease called malaria. One may be walking along feeling all right, when presto! a change. Cold chills run up and down the spinal column, very slight at first, almost imperceptible. Presently a slight shiver will be felt—then a big one—a shake—many shakes—harder and harder they become until the teeth begin to rattle, and finally he is shaking and racking from head to foot as though his very body will go to pieces. Presto! another change. The chill gradually lessens in its intensity. The body begins to ache—the victim feels stretchy and tired, oh! so tired—the throat becomes parched—the brain muddled, and the feet are as though leaden weights were attached to them; every step is a herculean task. The fever usually abates after a few hours, when the victim feels well though weak, and is very hungry, for while the attack is on food in any form is nauseating.

October twenty-seventh when approaching Columbus, Ohio, we saw an imposing structure situated some dis-

tance from the pike, and stopped and asked a funny little old man what it was. He replied that it was the State Asylum for the Insane. He told us that he himself had been a boarder for twenty years. He said if I'd go up with him he would introduce me to the authorities and I could get some medicine. I left Heine in charge of the Limited, and Luny and I marched up to the main entrance, opened the door and walked in. In the hall we met the steward.

"Mr. Blank," said my nutty friend, "I have found my long lost brother; he's sick and wants some medicine."

The expression on the steward's face was truly ludicrous. A few words of explanation sufficed, the medicine was procured and Heine and I passed the remainder of the day as a guest of the steward.

In Columbus the burros were quartered in a stable immediately in the rear of the five and ten-cent store. At noon a number of girls, having read in the papers of our adventurous journey across the continent, came down to see the schooner, burros, and incidentally, of course, the engineer and conductor. What a merry hour we had! Away back in muddy Kansas people commenced writing their autographs both on the in and outside of the canvas covering the schooner. After our fair visitors had scribbled their names, a hike back to the store was taken, and each returned with a souvenir with which they decorated the interior of the rig until it resembled a booth in a church fair.

One little girl, God bless her! presented me with a tiny skillet with the remark:

"I was so sorry to hear that you have malaria, Mr. Harman. I brought this small skillet, for sometimes when you are feeling badly and only want an egg you can use this."

I was so touched by this act of kindness that she was presented with a photograph of Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts on the spot. The fellow that gets that girl will be a lucky dog. However, the chances are she will hook up with a brute of a man incapable of appreciating God's choicest creation—a woman with a heart of pure gold.

One venturesome young lady fell head over heels in love with Teddy Roosevelt and insisted on riding the strenuous one. We tried to dissuade her, for the only way that feat could be accomplished was to grasp his ear with one hand and his tail with the other, and hold on for dear life. Teddy was a bucker from your heart. If he failed to dislodge the rider by bucking, he'd lie down and roll him off. However she was game, and with Heine on one side of her and me on the other, we started down the alley with Ted bucking at every jump. How the other damsels shrieked with laughter. When opposite the stable door Teddy with a supreme effort threw the lady, and fortunately she landed in my—shall I say reluctant?—arms, where she rested for a brief moment, palpitating and panting against my manly heart—oh, fudge!

The Limited joined the Red Devils on Saturday, October twenty-ninth. A Cincinnati concern, which was putting a brand of tobacco on the market, had a big

parade with a number of men on horseback dressed as red devils. A ten dollar william induced us to participate.

"I won't dress you fellows up as devils," said the manager, "for no suggestion of mine could make you look more like the devil than you do now."

We wandered around the streets all day at the tail end of the procession. Heine drove, and blew the bugle, while I, wrapped in a red blanket, Indian fashion, with Epaminondas by my side, followed behind the schooner.

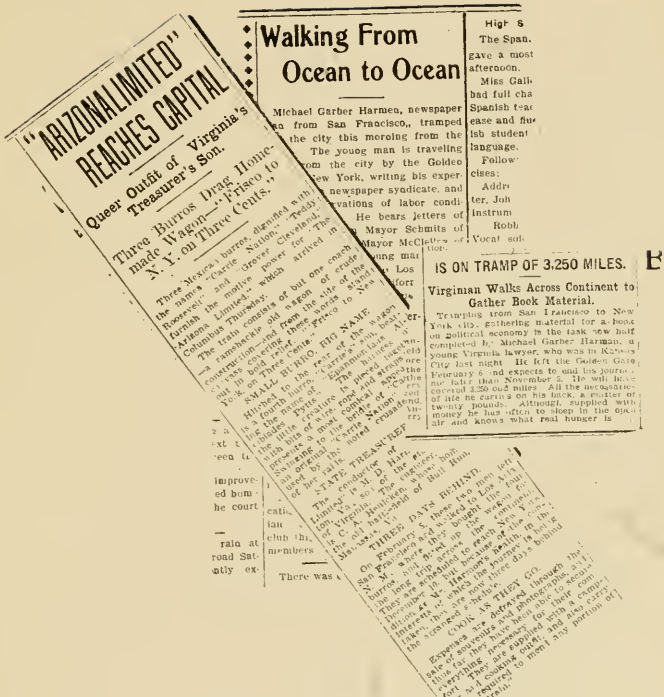
While travelling just east of Columbus, we met a fellow taking his best girl out driving. From the Lizzie fashion in which he was holding his lines I knew that he was no horseman, so Heine was told to stop and lead the horse by. However before the latter could reach the nag, he commenced to back, and the man deliberately sat there and allowed the horse to upset the buggy and throw both the occupants out. After the buggy had been righted, and the occupants picked up and dusted off, I inquired:

"In the name of common sense man, why didn't you lay the whip on him?"

"I was afraid he'd jump," was the astonishing reply.

"Jump! I guess he would jump," was the rejoinder, "that is what a whip is for. I'd rather he would jump twenty times than have a beautiful young lady thrown out into the dusty road when dressed in her best bib and tucker."

I jumped into the buggy, gathered up the lines and called to Heine to turn the horse loose. When within



"ARIZONA LIMITED" REACHES CAPITAL

Queer Outfit of Virginia's Treasurer's Son.

Three Burros Drag Home-made Wagon—'Frisco to N. Y. on Three Cents.

Walking From Ocean to Ocean

IS ON TRAMP OF 3,250 MILES.

Virginian Walks Across Continent to Gather Book Material.



FAC-SIMILES.

fifty yards of the schooner he tried the backing game with me, but after being "tetched" up a few times the old skate was only too glad to go forward just any old pace. We whisked by the Limited like greased lightning. Look? He didn't have time, for the lash was descending mercilessly on his flank. You should have seen the look of disgust with which the girl regarded her admirer. If he ever had a chance with the girl, it was dollars to doughnuts he lost out. The philosophy of the proposition is very simple. You make it so warm for the horse that, as he can think of one thing only at a time, he forgets what is in front to scare him.

Wednesday morning, November second, we travelled sixteen miles, the camp being made near Cambridge, Ohio. At the last named point we left the National road, to travel via Pittsburg.

While moseying along the road one afternoon some boys joined us, going home from school. We had had school children many times walk with us, and, away back in Colorado, examinations to ascertain Young America's knowledge of his country. Sometimes 'twas on history and at others on geography—just to ascertain, you know, if the school teacher was earning her salary. For blissful ignorance unquestionably the palm belonged to a big strapping lad of fourteen years, called Chester.

"Where'd yer come from?" he inquired.

"I am walking from San Francisco to New York City," was the reply. "Do you know the distance between the two cities?"

"Nope."

"Can't you tell about the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean?" was the next question.

"Dunno," was his answer.

"Do you know where California is situated?"

"In the West," he replied.

"Yes, it is in the West, but that section of the country is a big place," was my reply. "What part of the West?"

"I dunno."

"Where is New York?" was the next inquiry.

"Yer got me," answered Chester.

"Is Arizona in the West or East?"

"West," he replied.

"Bound it."

"Arizona is bounded on the east by Kansas, on the north by Canada, on the south by the Indian ocean, and on the west by the Pacific."

At this point the examination was discontinued. The teacher was riding on horseback in rear of the schooner, and while I was negotiating a deal at a farm house for a jar of buttermilk she rode up to the stile and dismounted.

"Are you Chester's teacher?" I inquired.

"Yes," she answered.

"Do you want to teach this school another session?" was the next inquiry.

"Certainly, why do you ask?"

"Well," said I, "if Chester is as brilliant in his other studies as he is in geography, take a tip from a friend, and when the school board comes get him out of the

way. Put him in a closet or, better still, give him a vacation to lie under the shade of the old apple tree. For if any member of the board should ask Chester to bound Arizona, you are lost."

It was quite dark before a suitable camping place was reached, near the settlement of Cassville. Of course it wasn't incumbent on me to ask Mr. Jay's permission to camp on the public highway, but as the spot selected was in close proximity to his residence as a matter of courtesy I inquired if he had any objection and he said none whatever.

While unhitching the burros Mrs. Jay appeared on the veranda. Then the fun began—for Mr. Jay. The old virago shrieked in a highly pitched, rasping voice:

"So you, Mr. Jay, *you* gave these gypsies permission to camp here. This is my house and my farm, and if these creatures stop here to-night don't you dare—don't you dare, sir, to ever cross my threshold again. You walk, Mr. Jay, do you understand, you *walk!*"

"They are not gypsies, but gentlemen," she continued, repeating the old fellow's opinion of us, "yes, pretty gentlemen they are to be sure! They'll steal everything on the place before morning. Don't you dare, Mr. Jay, don't you *dare!*"

Then the old fury whisked back into the house. The foregoing harangue was accentuated by gesticulations more eloquent than words—for the future comfort and welfare of Mr. Jay.

Poor man! We'd have camped there if only to spite the old hag, but the backboneless specimen of manhood said:

"Boys, you had better move on; she means every word she says."

We were too considerate to have the old man lose his happy home for us. How many times do you suppose Mr. Jay had been informed that it "is my house and my farm?" Doubtless as frequently as there are railroad ties between New York and San Francisco. If I were Mr. Jay and so unfortunate as to be married to Mrs. Jay, I'd do what a railroad conductor said he'd do, once upon a time, when in an altercation over a railroad ticket with a very positive and high-tempered woman. She said:

"You are the meanest man I ever saw and if you were my husband I'd poison you."

"Madam," replied the imperturbable conductor, "were I your husband the opportunity wouldn't be afforded you to administer the dose—I would take the poison voluntarily."

We pushed on to the village, leaving Mr. Jay to his fate, and camped on a vacant lot in the vicinity of the town. While pitching the tent some one in the crowd that gathered around stole Daytonia. We were very sorry to loose her as she was an affectionate little brute, but not so smart as the mongrel Cooperina.

One afternoon while travelling east of Cadiz, Ohio, we met a man at the summit of a long steep hill, travelling westward in a buckboard and driving a fiery gray horse. The nag no sooner laid eyes on the Limited than he wheeled so suddenly that the man was dislodged from his seat, performed a series of revolutions in the

atmosphere, and terminated his acrobatic feats by standing in the centre of the road on his head. We thought his neck was broken, for surely never did man get a harder fall from such a slight distance. He was for a time stunned and there was a gash on his head, but he was more scared than hurt. He proved to be the sheriff of Cadiz county.

San Francisco, 3,215 miles—495 miles New York.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### FORDING THE OHIO RIVER AT STEUBENVILLE.

The Limited Travels in Three States in the Course of a Single Day—Pittsburg—The Pedestrian Referees a Sanguinary Conflict—The Clouds Again Lower Around the Limited—A Sweet Samaritan—A Jolly Bunch of School-Marms at Ebensburg—Arrested in Altoona.

When we reached Steubenville, November fifth, there was only twenty-three cents in the treasury, and a resident who visited the camp said the charge for ferrying the river was twenty-five. However, we had no idea of being held up by the price of a postage stamp. We went into town and sold seven dollars worth of pictures.

Heine and I became panicky when the old ferryman said, owing to the low water, he could ferry the outfit only half way across. If there is one thing a burro detests more than another it is water—in that respect like a Kentucky colonel. The burros are exceedingly timid when in the water, for it is impossible for them to see where they are placing their feet. On coming to anchorage in mid-stream the engineer made a minute examination of the gearing and harness; and all the numerous pots, pans, kettles and the stove, which, while travelling the roadways hang from the rear of the schooner, were stored securely. It required the combined strength of Heine, the ferryman and myself to

push the burros down the incline of the boat into the water. What a time we had! The cringing, frightened burros refused to pull in unison, but Heine with a deal of yelling and whipping managed to keep them in motion. I was perched on the rear of the wagon, pulling Epaminondas through the water by a rope which was attached around his neck, and Cooperina was barking for dear life. Carrie's hind legs slipped off a large stone and the old dame took a seat in the middle of the river. It was quite swift in places and rather deep, and on one occasion the water came within two inches of running into the schooner, and Epaminondas took his first swimming lesson. Finally the West Virginia shore was reached, much to the relief of all the members, and the only loss sustained by the Limited was the water bucket which was torn loose from its fastening. We were not long in crossing the Pan-handle of West Virginia, at that point only seven miles wide. One day we journeyed in three states, Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

One morning when approaching the limits of Pittsburg we came to a long, steep hill, and the road wound around it like the letter S. Heine took the schooner down in a gallop and left me far in the rear. Epaminondas started with the rig, but I presume he stopped in his mad career to pick a few choice morsels on the roadside—a great failing of his. What was my astonishment, on turning one of the sharp curves, to observe the little donkey walking back to meet me. When Epaminondas saw me he stopped, and on my coming

up to him turned in his tracks and followed me. If the little rascal was as adept with his tongue as was Balaam's ass he'd have said:

"I got a little balled up, old sport, and didn't know which was the right direction." He was a comical brute if there ever was one.

November tenth we travelled out of the Smoky city in a pouring rain. It was quite dark when Wilkensburg was reached and, after slipping around in the mud for an hour or more, we made a parson's house who allowed us to camp on the premises and sleep in the barn.

One evening, at Murraysville, when Heine and I were taking our after-dinner smoke around the stove, a great braying and kicking reached our ears and running out of the tent we saw Carrie and Grover locked in deadly combat. The stake, it was thought, was the affections of Teddy Roosevelt. He had been paying marked attention to Grover who was growing kittenish and playful in her old age, and Carrie, the scorned matron, took matters in her own hands. Epaminondas was in his mother's corner, while the faithless Teddy officiated as a second for Grover. The following is the fight by rounds as seen by the referee:

Ringside, Murraysville, Pa., November 11th, time, 6.02 P. M. Round one: Carrie landed a terrific right on Grover's short ribs—Grover broke ground and grunted—Carrie squealed with delight and followed up her advantage—Grover ducked a vicious jolt for the jaw—Grover led for Carrie's stomach and missed

—Carrie led for the body—Grover side-stepped. At the sound of the gong Carrie was following Grover around the ring endeavoring to land a knockout, while the footwork and ducking of Grover were truly remarkable.

Round two: Grover opened the round by landing a simultaneous right and left to the head—Carrie rushed and bit Grover on the neck—Carrie landed two telling body blows—Grover was plainly groggy—Carrie chased Grover clear out of the ring.

The referee didn't award the victory to Carrie, for it was against the Pennsylvania law to award decisions in ring battles. However, the smasher was left in undisputed possession of the ring, after administering a solar plexus, *a la* Fitzsimmons, to the faithless lover. At eight thirty Grover was consoling herself for the double loss, Ted and the battle, with a bunch of dried weeds. Carrie and Teddy were chumming, each having forgiven the other. It is thought, after his severe chastisement, that Teddy will carry on all future flirtations sub rosa. Epaminondas was so elated at his mother's victory that he chased himself around the lot three times.

November twelfth we camped in the Allegheny mountains at a school house. The next morning before breakfast I experienced a very severe chill and was compelled to seek the feathers. All day long I lay there tossing with fever but was not too ill thoroughly to appreciate the serious predicament of the Limited. At ten o'clock a snowstorm set in which didn't have a

tendency to lessen my anxiety for the successful completion of the journey. We were still over four hundred miles from New York—the provisions low—no feed for the burros—less than a dollar in the exchequer, winter setting in, and I flat on my back with malaria. It was sufficient to make the stoutest heart faint. However, we were among kind-hearted folk, and when it was remarked that I was ill the farmers came to camp, each bringing something for our comfort. Wine, cake, bread in plenty (good old homemade bread baked in a brick oven) and milk. One of the visitors brought his little girl, and she was the most pleased youngster you ever saw when Epaminondas came into the tent and allowed the little miss to put her arms around his neck and hug him. Then Epam was made to lie down, and the little damsel took a seat upon him. He lay there perfectly still and blinked up at her as much as to say:

"I am deeply conscious of the high honor done me."

"Poor little fellow," said I, "he wants his dinner and he has come to make a personal investigation as to why he hasn't got it. A mule's stomach is the best clock in the world."

"Haven't the burros had their dinner?" inquired the visitors.

"No," was the reply, "we gave them all the oats we had for breakfast."

Then he told Heine to come to his place and he'd give him all the oats and corn he could carry. As a matter of fact, the opportune appearance of Epaminon-

das was a put up job. Any one who could resist Epaminondas had a heart of stone. The first consideration was always the welfare of my faithful companions. It has been said of a burro that he can suck the rail of a fence and keep in fair condition, but none of that for mine. On only two occasions had they missed their grain and then it was unprocurable. Never can I forget how they lingered around the camp, emitting a bray occasionally and, with pleading eyes, looking for something that never materialized. Never again did little Willie stand at the bar of justice—the accusing eyes of the dumb brutes—and plead guilty. When we had money the grain was bought; when the treasury was low we went *foraging.*

One farmer insisted that if I was not better by morning I should go to his house until strong enough to resume the journey. It was certainly very kind of him and he was thanked most heartily.

One day I stopped at a blacksmith's shop to take a rest and smoke. The smith was shoeing a horse, a big country lad holding the bridle. Naturally the three of us discussed the walk. The young fellow finally asked:

"What is your final *'destentation'*?"

While inwardly exploding with laughter I replied without cracking a smile:

"New York City."

Another time I met a man who inquired if I was walking on a "wafer"—meaning wager.

November seventeenth, having suffered a severe chill in the morning, I sent Heine on with the rig to travel

as far as possible, camp late in the afternoon and wait for me to overtake him before breaking camp. At this time every hour was precious as we were more than three hundred miles from New York, and the weather was getting cold and stormy. After the chill passed I walked fifteen miles into the little town of Armagh, where I learned at the country store that the Limited had passed through several hours before my arrival. Quite a number of people gathered to be regaled with stories of my travels, and there were three young ladies who seemed to derive a great deal of amusement therefrom. The merchant was questioned about the hotel accommodations.

"It is out of the question," said I, "for me to overtake the schooner in my ill and fagged condition. So the hotel will have the honor of entertaining the pedestrian to-night if the charges are reasonable, for the finances are very low."

The proprietor was absent in Pittsburg, but his wife received me and said the charge would be fifty cents for supper and lodging. The porter conducted me to the daintiest little room imaginable. In the artistic arrangement of everything the hand of woman was discernible. I was puzzled for a moment, it was so different from any country hotel room that I had ever seen. Then it dawned on me all of a sudden. One of the pretty girls seen at the store came into the room during supper, and unquestionably was the proprietor's daughter, for on the dresser were pictures of her father and mother, and of herself in various groups of young people. I was so

touched that it was impossible for me to sleep for at least five minutes after striking the hay. This young girl had voluntarily surrendered that most sacred of places to a refined young girl—her bedroom—to an ill and travel-worn stranger that he might be comfortable for one night at least.

Six o'clock next morning, on coming down stairs, I was surprised to find a hot breakfast awaiting me. Pulling out the money to pay my bill, the mother refused to take it.

"No, Mr. Harman," she said, "Eileen and myself are only too glad to be afforded an opportunity of entertaining you."

"My dear lady," I replied, "no act of kindness has so affected me since leaving San Francisco as your daughter's giving up her room to me last night. Both you and your daughter have hearts bigger than watermelons. Convey to Miss Eileen my deepest thanks and appreciation. May God bless you."

The city of Ebensburg, where there was a meeting of country school teachers, was reached in the afternoon. Many of them, accompanied by their escorts, surrounded the Limited, but poor progress was made selling souvenirs until a man, evidently a big gun and the wit of the town, came up. He and I, much to the amusement of the crowd, began jollying each other. After parrying and thrusting for a few moments, I perceived my opportunity and promptly took advantage of it.

"Most noble and valiant sir, I, Michael Grasshopper Harman, the Grand High Priest of the Ancient and

Honorable Order of Asses, deeming thee worthy and possessed of all the essential qualifications, do by this act (pinning the button bearing the picture and name of the little jack on the lapel of his coat) proclaim thee an honorary member for life of the said Ancient and Honorable Order of Asses."

"Most noble and courageous High Priest," he replied, "I do esteem and appreciate to the uttermost the high honor conferred upon me. I have known for the past twenty years, and so have my acquaintances, that I am the most colossal ass alive. But you, worthy High Priest, are the only one possessing the courage of his convictions. Accept this (producing fifty cents) to help sustain that life which is so valuable and precious to your fellow members. Adieu."

After the example set by the great man of the town every one of the jolly school-marms wanted to become a member of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Asses and made their swains purchase buttons galore, until over fifty were disposed of.

While pursuing the journey down the Alleghenies, Heine saw a phenomenon of nature growing by the roadside. An examination disclosed the fact that a grapevine had entwined itself around a young ash, when a mere sprout, and had caused it to form a spiral; the coils were as perfect as those of a corkscrew.

The camp was made in the famous Horse Shoe curve of the Pennsylvania railroad which is some miles west of Altoona. In the morning, soon after reaching the city, I was making a talk from the rear of the schooner

and Heine was selling souvenirs in the audience, when two policemen arrested us.

"Bill," said one of the cops to his partner, "you drive that crazy looking rig to the City Hall," and turning to me, in that hectoring, sneering manner so characteristic of the blue-coated, clubbing, brass-buttoned gentry, "Now you are a pretty looking specimen of humanity; where'd you come from anyway?"

"It's none of your blamed business who I am or where I came from," was my retort, "you are too ignorant to know if you were told."

I then turned to the other policeman and said, "Don't you touch those lines; Heine will drive the schooner wherever you direct."

Many of the spectators were highly indignant at the treatment accorded us, and followed to the City Hall to see the outcome.

I showed the Mayor my credentials and explained that we were not selling any commodity, but only souvenirs of the journey. I gave him some buttons for the little mayors at home, of which he had the goodly number of ten, when he said:

"Mr. Harman, the Arizona Limited can remain in Altoona as long as you desire. Go out on the streets and sell all the buttons you can."

San Francisco, 3,387 miles—323 miles New York.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### HOW TO MAKE A COMFORTABLE BED ON THE FROZEN GROUND.

The Pedestrian Goes Shopping—Harrisburg—An Adventure With the Tollman—A Swift Remedy—Easton—Cooperina Goes Foraging—Hackettstown—A Severe Snowstorm—Jersey City—Before the Footlights in Brooklyn, New York—The Disbandment of the Limited.

November twentieth we travelled to Mill Creek and camped near a schoolhouse. The nights had become very cold, and it may be valuable for you to know how to make a comfortable bed on the frozen ground. An oilcloth was first spread on the ground, and if procurable we'd get an armful of straw and scatter it over the oilcloth about six inches deep. Then came two horse blankets; then a double layer of thick sign paper was arranged next the horse blankets—for both straw and paper are good non-conductors. Then a cotton comforter, and on top of that a double woollen blanket. The covering used was three large double woollen blankets. All around the edges of the tent paper signs were set up to the height of a foot. In this luxurious couch we'd sleep "as snug as a bug in a rug."

Why I know not, but the chickens along through Pennsylvania were very scarce, and when we did see one he would take to his heels before coming within range of the Winchester. Possibly the feathered mourners in our wake had sent their cousins a Marconi.

Since these Pennsylvania chickens were so wise in their generation our principal diet was beef. I defy the thriftiest housewife to emulate my feat, viz: feed two hungry men and a dog five times on fifteen cents. How was the trick turned? Shrewd marketing was the secret. A meat market was visited in one of the small towns, and while telling the proprietor of the walk and laying especial stress on the financial depression in the affairs of the Limited, my grafting eye moved rapidly over the contents of the shop and finally settled on a magnificent quarter of beef.

"I want a nice, large fine——."

"Roast?" interposed the butcher.

"No," was my answer, "fifteen-cent soup bone cut from here," indicating a point about eighteen inches from the hock.

"It's a sure thing you don't want much for your money," was his reply, "that's a forty-cent bone at the price of cattle."

"Absurd," replied I, "a forty-cent soup bone? Ridiculous! My friend, I have selected by actual count, since leaving San Francisco, one hundred and thirteen soup bones. That is my specialty—I'm an expert on soup bones."

"Besides," I continued, "that is the right hind leg, which you know full well is more sinewy and muscular than the left; and from the color of the meat that steer was fodder fed.

"You'll cut it there?"—he had moved up the joint a few inches—don't do it until I tell you of a bone pro-

cured from a whole-souled butcher in Blairsville. Why it lasted us for three days and Cooperina finished up the last of it this morning for breakfast."

"Having made him give way another inch I asked, "will you kindly cut off two steaks from the large end for our supper, and er—by the way—we have a little dog, Cooperina; could you not put in a handful of scraps for her?"

He tossed into the bundle some chopped meat and bones and, on reaching the door, I turned and said:

"We have four burros with the Limited, and Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts will be so disappointed if he is not brought something. Have you—er—nice bale of timothy hay—er—in the stable with the wires cut—er?"

"Well," burst from the butcher, "for unmitigated gall you are the limit. For fifteen cents you want a quarter of beef cut in half, and call the lower portion a soup bone. To this is added a pound of scraps for the dog, and now lastly comes a bale of hay with the wires cut for the burros. No, you don't want anything for fifteen cents. Oh! no, not at all. Do I believe you capable of walking across the continent with three cents? I have no doubt of it whatever, but why stop at New York? Just continue the journey on to the gates of Paradise, and flim-flam Saint Peter into letting you in by saying you are 'expert' at something. If Peter refused you could easily gain admission by talking the hinges loose from the gate. Nerve? No, my friend you are the most modest youngster I ever met. Why didn't you ask me to deed you my——?"

At this juncture I skiddooed, fearing the ending of his indignant peroration would be a fling of the savage meat axe at my classic front.

It was a tough job cooking those soup bone steaks, and the art was acquired only by constant practice, for, from the contraction of the muscles and ligaments, they would roll around the skillet like a football on a college campus. The next tough job on the program was to masticate them. If you have false teeth or weak jaws, beware of a soup bone steak. Then would come the digesting of them which was not an easy matter even for a pedestrian. One evening after disposing of one, a dream was dreamt. I thought I was Carrie Nation on a saloon-smashing raid and on awakening found the saloon had been pounded right and left. Heine was the unfortunate saloon.

The following night we had soup with vegetables and cornbread, and the next morning hash was made. The dose was repeated next day. We had from that soup bone five meals, at a cost of three cents per. Can you beat it?

The day after Thanksgiving we passed through Harrisburg, and only remained sufficiently long to sell a few souvenirs.

I had endeavored several times to pass over the pike where the county collected toll without digging up, by working on the sympathies of the tollman, but they haven't any; and we always ended by paying a cent per mile. The county east of Harrisburg charged the exhorbitant sum of three cents, and I made up my

mind until Armville was reached, where we left the pike, I'd beat the county out of it, for two reasons, viz:

First: That, as a fitting climax to my journey, I desired before reaching the final destination to have a tollman's scalp dangling at my belt, metaphorically speaking.

Secondly: We need the money.

The first gate was avoided by travelling 'round it and coming into the pike through a by-road; on reaching the second station the toll gatherer said we owed him forty-two cents.

"Forty-two cents," repeated I, "how absurd. You don't know who I am, do you?"

"No, and don't care a d——" was his retort. "This team cannot pass unless you pay."

"Can't eh! and you don't care who we are, eh!" "This," continued I, "is the far-famed Arizona Limited, and I'm sole proprietor, conductor and chief cook and bottle washer of the now famous Limited. Now will you be good?"

"No," said the tollman.

"But how can we pay you forty-two cents when we have only three?"

"That's none of my business," he replied.

"If we travel westward the tollman won't let me pass his gate, will he?"

"No."

"And you won't let us proceed eastward?" I continued.

"No."

"Do you want us to live on the county, and make a test case as to whether the charge of three cents is constitutional or not?"

"No," again came from the puzzled tollman.

"Then my kind know-nothin' friend, will you tell me what you do want us to do? We cannot pay forty-two cents because we haven't it."

"I don't know what to do," he replied.

"I do," said I. "Heine, drive on."

In the twinkling of an eye the Arizona Limited was on the east side of the gate. The poor devil took us for desperadoes from the "Wild and Woolly," and was bluffed by my bullyragging. The finishing touches were put on after we were through, when I turned and said:

"Aren't you proud of yourself? A pretty county officer you are to be sure! Don't you know you are liable to discharge for neglect of duty? I have a great notion to surrender to the authorities, when the whole proceeding will be aired in court. With two such worthy gentlemen as Heine and myself to testify, two against one, you will be dismissed."

"Mister, please don't report me," whined the toll gatherer. "I didn't know what you wanted. I was first threatened with discharge if I didn't let you through, and now the same threat is held over me for allowing you to pass. I have a large family, mister."

After thinking a moment, I replied:

"I will not report you this time for your family's sake. I'm inclined to be lenient, but you do not deserve any sympathy."

"Thank you, sir," said the gateman. He turned and entered the house where he is no doubt still meditating on the hard lot of the toll-gatherer.

We switched off at Armville and traversed the Pennsylvania Dutch settlements. Heine, who was an accomplished linguist, could talk to the natives and we got on famously. I had contracted a cold which had settled in my bronchial tubes, and when Allentown was reached I could scarcely talk above a whisper. While at the post-office a kind-hearted old lady was so certain that I'd have pneumonia unless I had a bottle of "Jaeger's Lightning Liniment" that she went herself to a drugstore and purchased one and presented it with instructions to rub my chest with it and take a spoonful three times per day internally. Kind old lady. She was one of those dear souls, who, whether one had a cold, spinal meningitis or hydrophobia, there was one and only one remedy for the malady, and that was hers. I remember my grandmother's was Cherry Pectoral. She managed to raise and launch successfully twelve children on the world; so there must be some virtue in it.

We stopped an hour in Easton, Pa., and that same evening crossed the Delaware river into New Jersey.

The day after passing Phillipsburg, Cooperina won her spurs. She turned the trick and all by her lonesome, too. No member of the Limited evinced more pleasure over the successful termination of the venture than did the conceited little brute herself.

On stopping for luncheon she was nowhere to be seen.



THE PEDESTRIAN AT THE FINISH.

"Where's Cooperina?" we each inquired of the other.

We had given her up for lost and were preparing to resume the journey without her, when a little black object was seen approaching and only hitting the high spots. She came up, all palpitating and panting from her exertions, and deposited something at my feet—the lower half of a chicken's leg and foot. She then ran around in circles, wagging her tail frantically. Her every action indicated the following:

"What do you think of me—poor little me—am I not smart? Haven't I proven myself a worthy disciple of my masters? I did not like that cornbread I had for breakfast and, fearing the same stuff would be my portion for luncheon, I went on a foraging expedition. After nosing around the kitchen door of a house somewhere down the road, a chicken foot was observed in a swill pail, and grabbing it I ran as fast as my legs could travel to overtake you."

We were so tickled with the progress made by our understudy that ten minutes were alloted her to consume the find.

December fourth, having suffered a chill in the forenoon, Heine was sent forward, and I reached Hackettstown late in the evening. At the hotel were quite a number of business men of the town. I regaled them with stories of the road for a time, and the Mayor of the city asked me to remain over night as the guest of the Board of Trade.

The next day the Limited made Dover, New Jersey, in a heavy snowstorm, where we put up in a livery

stable. The journey was continued without special incident through to Jersey City, where we arrived on December eighth.

After resting a week we crossed over to Brooklyn and signed with the Star Theatre to do some street advertising, and also to appear on the stage as a side attraction. They paid me fifty dollars per week for the stunt.

All the newspapers in Brooklyn gave us write-ups, and the following is an extract from the Brooklyn Citizen's:

"Completing a Shank's-mare tour across the continent from the Golden Gate, came a strange cavalcade to Brooklyn to-day. The man who hoofed it some three thousand seven hundred miles is Michael Garber Harman, 'a lawyer by profession and a d—— fool by choice,' as the tired, tousled tourist himself expressed it."

At the termination of the engagement with the Star Theatre I decided to disband the Limited. Negotiations were opened with several parties desiring to purchase the burros, but a wealthy coffee merchant was the lucky man. It happened in this wise: One Sunday the merchant came over to Brooklyn, accompanied by six of his children, to see the burros. The youngsters were delighted with them. While returning to New York the youngest of the sextette, a little girl of three years, said:

"Papa, I want to tell you something."

"What is it my dear?" he inquired, at the same time raising her in his arms so she could whisper in his ear, yet not so softly that I didn't hear her say:

"Pop, buy the donks."

The little miss there and then settled the fate of the burros, for when the merchant made me an offer of two hundred dollars for the four it was accepted. It was a great relief for me to know that they would be well taken care of and not separated. Cooperina was thrown in for good measure.

Then came the good-bye to faithful companions who had stuck to me in prosperity and adversity, mostly the latter. They all came in for a deal of fondling and petting. Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts was made to lie down, roll over and kick up his heels; then he came for the lump of sugar which he knew was always coming to him after pulling off the stunt. Dear little fellow! He didn't know he was then receiving the last caresses from the hands of his old master in whose arms he was taken at that desolate camp back in faraway New Mexico on the day he first saw the light, and by whose side he had walked for more than two thousand miles.

The dismemberment of the Arizona Limited was complete. Heine went to Baltimore and the burros may be seen any day advertising a brand of coffee on the streets of New York; I left for my home in Virginia, where the malaria was finally eradicated by a course of medicine and a long, long rest.

San Francisco 3,710 miles—0 miles New York.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### IS TRAVELLING ON THREE CENTS AN EASY PROPOSITION?

A Successful Knight of the Road must be primarily a student of human nature. He must be tactful, versatile to a degree, an adept in the art of flattering, have what is vulgarly termed "unlimited nerve," and be able to measure off chin-music by the yard.

If Nature has not endowed you with these essential qualifications the road is not your calling. Just as the physician diagnoses each case, and prescribes for the patient according to the nature of the disease and the constitution, so must the knight size up each victim, taking into consideration his peculiar characteristics at a glance. It is true that the same dose is frequently administered to two subjects, but in a different manner. For instance, where the potion to be given is flattery one will take it in five grain capsules, while better results will be obtained from another by the broken dose method. The trout swallows the bait at a gulp while his warier cousin, the perch, tests its flavor before biting. I will cite two incidents which will fully illustrate my meaning:

On one occasion in New Mexico when nearing a siding where there was stationed a telegraph operator, he was seen standing in the doorway of a box car which

served him as both office and residence. When sufficiently near to see his eyes, I smiled. He grinned in return. On my coming up to the car he extended his hand and gave mine a hearty shake, remarking at the time:

"Mr. Harman, I am glad to see you. For the past hour I have been on the lookout, fearing you'd be too late to enjoy the dinner my wife has cooked in honor of your visit."

"Thank you, very kindly, old man," I replied, "but how did you know I was coming?"

"The agent at —— wired me this morning that you had passed the night with him, and that this was your objective point to-day."

As a matter of fact I knew all about it, and it was at my suggestion that the message was sent.

On the other hand, the night I walked into Newberry, Cal., the station east of the Valley of Death, where the acquaintance of Professor George Lamont Webster was made, soon after my arrival the agent came into the office with an ugly scowl on his face which showed only too plainly that I was an unwelcome guest.

Said I to myself, "It's up to me to supplant that scowl with a smile, to warm up the ice water which is coursing through this fellow's veins, for, old fellow, you are in need of a substantial breakfast in the morning before resuming the journey."

I merely nodded to him and continued the conversation with the professor, who was telling me of his

various schemes and inventions while I reciprocated with my adventures. Of course special emphasis was laid on the extreme hospitality of all railroaders and the Santa Fe operators in particular. Being an old railroad man myself, I always felt very comfortable when in their hands for I was certain of a cordial reception, et cetera.

Our hearty laughs were infectious and we soon had the agent "going." He actually related an anecdote of his boyhood days back in Indiana before the party broke up for the night.

He returned with a comforter and said:

"Mr. Harman, this will soften the counter somewhat, and in the morning I'll be glad to have you at breakfast with us." Had entertainment been asked of him on my arrival he'd have turned me down good and hard.

I was not always successful, for I notably and ignominiously failed at Rio Puerco with the agent when his wife butted in and registered her vehement veto to my plan.

Occasionally bulldozing methods were effective, as in the case of the Pennsylvania tollman, but as a rule "more flies are to be caught with sugar than vinegar." Ninety-nine out of every hundred people are susceptible to flattery. You may meet one whose feelings are as sensitive as the frail mechanism of the delicate violin, and to play upon them requires the touch of an artist; while you can hammer away at will on another's like a big bass drum, with no fear of striking a dis-

cordant note. A mother can be readily reached by noticing and petting her child. In the case of a girl, no matter how homely, if she has a redeeming feature comment on it. It's a good plan to kiss the child if its face is not too dirty. If a boy, though he has a head shaped like a croquet ball, predict a brilliant future for him in the pulpit—nearly every fond mother desires her son to preach the gospel; if he is of a serious demeanor, remark on his judicial temperament.

Every American is intensely loyal to his native State, and an observation on its extreme hospitality will be appreciated. If a housewife sends out a pie to the camp of course it's the most delicious pie ever eaten. Ask her for the receipt, and also if she knows any single girl in the vicinity that can cook equally as well. She likes it. In fact the dose is so beautifully assimilated generally that it never surprised us the following morning to see the good frau bearing down on us with a tray laden with good things. Came for a parting dose, you know.

Talk farming, stock, any old thing to the man. If he has a bull, swear it is the best bull you have seen within the last five hundred miles; all his pigs are prize porkers and so forth.

The State of California which was traversed before the organization of the Limited, was a splendid one for grafting. All the big hotels entertained me free of charge, on the strength of a story about the big advertising I was going to do for them. The Vendome in San José; Hotel El Paso de Robles; the Ramona;

the Potter and the Angeles, all tumbled to the scheme. The people are thoroughly cosmopolitan, up-to-date and enterprising to a degree.

The people of Illinois were the most difficult proposition. When we would drive into a small town in the state, the Rubes would line up on the opposite side of the street and take us in from a distance. Why? You have got me unless they were afraid we would bite them, or do something else equally terrible. If a native was presented with a tobacco sample he'd pull off the foil as though it hid some infernal machine—and then would take a tiny nibble as if testing a dose of medicine. How different was the attitude of our western friends. Had they known that we were the very old Harry himself the westerners would have come right up to get a close view and see what kind of a lobster he was anyway. Would a westerner nibble at the tobacco like a perch at a fishing worm on a hook? Not much. At least half would go into his mouth at the first pop, and in two minutes he'd be spitting the eye out of some fly five steps distant.

How do I account for the difference in the attitude of the inhabitants of the East and West? It's very simple. The average westerner has seen something of the world; more than likely he was reared in the East and has roughed it sufficiently to lose that timidity-afraid-he'll-be-buncoed-air which is so characteristic of the middle westerners who probably not a half dozen times in their lives have been further from home than the county seat, and consequently do not possess suffi-

cient discernment to discriminate between a hobo, a gypsy, and a gentleman travelling incog. Take one of these Illinoisans and put him in the far west, and let him see for himself that there are other places in the world besides Slambang County, Illinois, and he will develop into a fine, whole-souled fellow. One of the farmers in Illinois who had thirty gallons of milk refused us enough milk for our coffee for the picture of our illustrious and famous little ass, Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts. On another occasion a Baptist, a minister of the gospel at that, refused us a drink of water. He alleged that his well was nearly dry.

Indiana was better than Illinois, for hospitality; Ohio was better still, and Pennsylvania was all to the merry.

It was a hard matter to sell souvenirs on the street. Unlike a fakir's wares, our buttons and pictures had no intrinsic value. In my speech preliminary to offering them the most important looking person in the audience was singled out and to him I made my little talk, knowing full well that if he started the ball to rolling the remainder of the bunch would keep it going. The moment I stepped from the rig the aforesaid personage would be solicited, with pictures and buttons in hand, and generally, he having had his vanity flattered would purchase one and frequently would exhort the bystanders to help the cause along.

The game of graft is interesting, fascinating, but not easy by any means.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SOMETHING ABOUT ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE ANIMALS IN THE WORLD.

It is the ass. I'll probably be called an ass myself by the majority of people for making such a statement, but wait before passing judgment until a few of his qualities are commented on by a man who has studied the animal intimately for six months.

In the days when Studebaker wagons, steam cars, and thoroughbreds were not, the ass was. In the old days an ass was considered of sufficient importance to be incorporated in the tenth commandment, for thusly are we admonished: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass," etc. But, alas! since the sons of Israel travelled into Egypt after corn, times have changed for the poor ass. If the commandments were to be revised in this, the Twentieth Century, he'd be the last thing thought of. It would be made to read: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife; nor his Fifth Avenue residence, nor his box at the Grand Opera to hear Caruso, nor his automobile." Who would think of coveting an ass in this great mechanical age? Should you cast an admiring eye on your neighbor's ass out in New Mexico or Arizona, he could become your property by your giving in exchange a saw, a plane, two-

bits, or most any old thing. Should a Greaser ask more than a dollar for his ass he is holding you up.

Because of the utilization of steam the poor ass has fallen into disrepute. Now, bands of them roam over the desert plains of the west—many are killed each year by the cowboys to preserve the grass for the cattle and sheep; carloads have been shipped to Chicago and ground into bologna; and again, large numbers have been brought east as novelties for children.

The Greasers and Indians still use him to pack wood out of the hills, and of course he'll always be indispensable to the prospector for several reasons. The ass is a very cautious animal, and for surefootedness is unsurpassed. He can travel over a steep, almost impassable mountain trail, packing half his weight, and never lose his footing—he always knows where he is placing his dainty little Trilby. The ass is also possessed of great endurance. Epaminondas-Alcibiades-Pytts completed a walk of twelve hundred miles the day before he was ten weeks old. Did you ever hear of any animal at that tender age capable of equaling that record? He thrives on the roughest kind of food. I have seen my burros, not once but many times, leave a nice patch of blue grass to feast on a patch of old dried weeds. The prospector rarely feeds his ass, but turns him loose to rustle on sage brush and cactus.

The four burros that came across the continent consumed less grain, yet kept all the while in good condition, than would be requisite for one horse. The ass is especially valuable in the desert because he can go

several days without water. My burros drank less water in a day, all four together, than would satisfy a good big horse at one drinking.

The burro's masticating qualities are truly remarkable, but not more so than is his digestive apparatus. The only other animal in his class is the goat. A boy in Altoona was observed feeding Carrie Nation a handful of celluloid collar buttons, which she devoured greedily. If a youngster paused on the street to take a look at the Limited and happened to have a bundle in his hand, Epaminondas would take a bite out of it. I remember in St. Louis a boy was delivering a lady's hat; he paused to examine the Limited, and the little burro bit through the paper bag and pulled a big bunch of false roses off the hat. I felt very sorry for the boy—for with that ruined hat he was between the devil and the deep blue sea. I won't say which was the devil, the lady to whom the ruined hat belonged, or the proprietor. To the burros candy, fruit, chewing gum, tobacco and cigarettes were relishes.

The ass is the wariest of animals; possesses the greatest powers of endurance; is the strongest in proportion to his size; can travel on the least quantity of water; can subsist on less food than any other animal, and that of the roughest; has digestive organs equal to the goat; is the longest lived of all America's beasts of burden—it is told as a joke in the west, that a burro has never been known to die a natural death—has the longest ears, and makes the most charming and delightful music.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE NOBLE RED MAN.

A myth, gentle reader. There were no Fenimore Cooper Indians in the bunches I met. Were they savage, cruel and blood-thirsty?

Fifty-five years after the Forty-niners fought their way from Dodge City, Kansas, to the coast through the hostile Indians, I walked the entire trail with a hunting knife as my only weapon of defense.

Where is the blood-thirsty Apache?

On his reservation, gentle reader; if he gets all the dog soup he wants he will stay there.

Where is the warlike Navajo?

Butting around the desert, gentle reader, with small flocks of goats and sheep—this tribe are great nomads. The women make the famous Navajo blankets, and some of the men are silversmiths, but for the most part the men do not strain any traces.

The ferocious Mojaves, what of them?

The women make bead novelties which they sell to the tourist at Needles, California. And the men, what do they do?

Rest, gentle reader, rest; the male contingent are the loveliest resters in the world.

The Pueblos are really different from the other tribes in many respects. What struck me most forcibly was that they appeared to come in contact with water oftener than once a year.

They are small of stature and have rather a pleasing countenance; some of the young squaws and maidens are pretty. They were never warlike and are great farmers.

Take it from me, gentle reader, the only noble redman is a dead one.

If you ever start on a journey, whether by automobile, bicycle, wagon or on foot, if possible procure a reliable road-map. It will prove invaluable. The information gathered here and there from the residents cannot be depended upon, for not one in twenty knows anything about the roads of his own county three miles from his home. The Limited travelled at least one hundred and fifty miles out of its way simply because we had no map until we crossed the Mississippi river but depended on information picked up here and there from Tom, Dick and Harry. A map, with accompanying folder, shows all the roads of the state, distances between points, the nature of the roadbed, grades, et cetera.

Many thousands of people, both during and after the completion of the journey, have questioned me concerning it. The following are the seven questions most generally asked:

How many pairs of shoes did you wear out?

If you started with three cents, how did you get anything to eat?

How did you get water across the desert?

How did you know the way?

Why did you do it?

Were you walking on a wager?
Didn't you ride some?

CONCLUSION.

There were 197 days in which some portion of the distance was covered. An average of 18 and 8-9 miles per day.

The army regulations call for thirty inches to the step. Providing my strides were of that length, 7,542,187 steps were taken on the journey.

The longest interval between meals was 26 hours, during which time 42.7 miles were covered.

The fastest time made on the trip was 32 miles in 8 hours—from Laguna to Rio Puerco, New Mexico.

The longest walks were of equal length—42.7 miles —from Cherokee to Seligman, Arizona, on April 19th, and from Laguna to Sandia, New Mexico, on May 4th.

The warmest day was April 13th when the walk from Goffs to Needles, California, was made—31.5 miles in 9.5 hours. On my arrival at 7:30 P. M. the thermometer registered 103 degrees.

I travelled in thirteen States or Territories in the course of the journey, viz: California, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| The distance in | miles was ..... | 3,710 |
| | furlongs. ..... | 29,680 |
| | yards ..... | 6,562,933 |
| | feet. ..... | 19,688,800 |
| | inches ..... | 226,265,600 |

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